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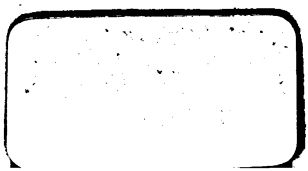

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Shakeſpear Illuſtrated:

OR THE

NOVELS and HISTORIES,

On which the

PLAYS of SHAKESPEAR Are Founded,

COLLECTED and TRANSLATED from the

ORIGINAL AUTHORS.

WITH

CRITICAL REMARKS.

BY THE

Author of the FEMALE QUIXOTE.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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MDCCLIII.

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Shakeſpear

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Shakeſpear Illuſtrated.

The Hiſtory of Doraſtus *and* Fawnia.

BEFORE Chriſtianity appeared in the World, there reigned in *Bohemia* a King, named *Pandoſto*, who was married to a Princeſs of exquiſite Beauty and conſummate Virtue, called *Bellaria*. The Harmony that ſubſiſted between this royal Couple gave the greateſt Satisfaction to all their Subjects, whoſe Happineſs was greatly increaſed by the Felicity of their Sovereigns.

At the End of the firſt Year of their Marriage *Bellaria* was delivered of a Son, who was named *Garrinter*. The *Bohemians* upon

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this Occasion made great Rejoicings over all the Kingdom. And the King, as well to express his own Satisfaction at this happy Incident, as to comply with the Desires of the People, appointed Justs and Tournaments in Honour of the young Prince; to which not only many foreign Noblemen resorted, but also several neighbouring Kings and Princes came to exercise their Valour and Judgment at these martial Entertainments.

The Sports lasted twenty Days, during which Time the King made a general Feast for all his Subjects; and the Kings and Princes, who had been royally entertained, returned home to their respective Countries, full of Admiration of the great Magnificence of *Pandosto*.

The Smiles of Fortune are seldom sincere or lasting; the fickle Goddess, weary of bestowing Favours upon *Pandosto*, while he was wholly taken up in the Enjoyment of them, prepared a sad reverse of Fate for him and the lovely *Bellaria*. *Pandosto*, from his earliest Youth, had contracted and maintained a strict Friendship and Correspondence with *Egistus*, the young King of *Sicily*.

This Prince being desirous of shewing that neither Time nor Distance of Place could weaken the Force of his Affection for *Pandosto*, resolved to visit him in his own Dominions, to congratulate him upon his Marriage and the Birth of a Son. For this Purpose he ordered a small Fleet to be prepared, and with a small

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a small but select Number of Attendants arrived in *Bohemia*.

Pandosto and his Queen, with a numerous Retinue, went to meet *Egistus* at his landing, and carried him to the Palace in the midst of most expensive Shows and magnificent Arches, which had been prepared and erected for his Reception.

Pandosto, whose Heart overflowed with grateful Transport for this Demonstration of Friendship in *Egistus*, intreated his Queen to shew all imaginable Respect and Esteem to a Prince whom he loved so much, and to whom he was so highly obliged.

The sweet *Bellaria*, who had no other Will but that of her Husband, was easily prevailed upon to comply with a Request to which her own Inclinations naturally incited her, for the noble Qualities she observed in *Egistus* had already produced suitable Effects in a Mind, that being virtuous and sensible to the highest Degree itself, could not chuse but love those Perfections in another.

Bellaria therefore, as well in Obedience to her Husband's Commands, as in Consequence of the Friendship she had conceived for *Egistus*, gave him every Day a thousand innocent Marks of her Esteem, which that Prince, who admired and loved her Perfections with all the Warmth of a disinterested Friend, did not fail to return with every Instance of Gratitude and Respect.

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This mutual Esteem gave rise to an easy Confidence and familiar Intercourse between them; so that *Pandosto* being often engaged with his Ministers in Affairs of State, *Bellaria* and *Egistus* passed away the Time in his Absence in various Discourses and innocent Amusements, all which at first was very pleasing to *Pandosto*.

But that unhappy Prince, either because he was conscious of the superior Merit of *Egistus*, or through the natural Bent of his Disposition, began to look with suspicious Eyes on a Friendship and Familiarity which he had been so solicitous to form: Doubtful and uneasy Thoughts arose in his Mind, he reflected on the irresistable Charms of *Bellaria*, and the manly Beauty and noble Qualities of *Egistus*, and thought it impossible that two Persons so formed to please should be insensible to each others Merit.

These Doubts having entered his Mind, he fed his growing Jealousy with continual Observations on the Looks and Words of his Friend and Wife; and prejudiced as he now was, their innocent Familiarity appeared to him to be a convincing Proof of their guilty Passion; Suspicion was now changed to absolute Certainty; he no longer looked upon *Egistus* as his Friend and Guest, but as the Destroyer of his Honour, and the Violater of his Queen.

A violent Hatred succeeded the tender Affection he once bore to *Egistus*; and those Smiles of Love with which he had always been

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been accuſtomed to behold the charming *Bellaria*, gave Place to ſullen Reſerve and gloomy Frowns: Racked with the tormenting Remembrance of his fancied Wrongs, the Deſire and Hope of Revenge afforded him ſome Intervals of Eaſe.

He reſolved therefore to poiſon *Egiſtus*, and while his Mind was labouring how to execute his cruel Purpoſe with Security, his Words and Behaviour ſtill wore an Appearance of Friendſhip and Reſpect.

Pandoſto had a Cup-bearer, named *Franion*, whom, becauſe he had always ſhewn an inviolable Attachment to his Perſon, he believed it would be eaſy to perſuade to execute his purpoſed Vengeance on the King of *Sicily*.

To this Man therefore the jealous Monarch communicated his ungenerous Deſign, and promiſed him a large Reward, if when the next Time that *Egiſtus* called for Drink at his Table, he would put Poiſon in his Cup.

Franion ſhuddered with Horror at this inhuman Propoſition; and with all the Freedom of a good Man and a faithful Subject he endeavoured to diſſuade his King from his barbarous Purpoſe. He repreſented to him that Murder was an unpardonable Offence to the Gods, and abhorred by all Mankind, that ſuch unnatural Crimes not only drew down the Wrath of Heaven upon the Perpetrators of them, but the Revenge of Men. He urged to him the ſacred Laws of Hoſpitality,

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that *Egiſtus*, was his Gueſt, his Friend and Ally; that any Cruelty committed upon his Perſon would brand his Name with perpetual Infamy, and ſow the laſting Seeds of Diſcord and Hatred between the *Sicilians* and *Bohemians*; and that even his own Subjects would murmur at ſuch an unexampled Piece of Cruelty and Treachery.

Theſe Arguments had no Force with the determined *Pandoſto*, who, perſiſting ſtill in his cruel Reſolution, gave *Franion* his Choice either to poiſon *Egiſtus*, and be rewarded with Riches and Honours, or to ſuffer Death for his Diſobedience.

Franion, ſtaggered by theſe dreadful Threatnings on one Hand, and allured by theſe great Promiſes on the other, told *Pandoſto* that he would obey him, and as ſoon as a fair Opportunity offered he would poiſon *Egiſtus*.

The King was very well pleaſed with this Promiſe, and reſolved as ſoon as his deſigned Vengeance on *Egiſtus* was executed, to ſacrifice *Bellaria* in the ſame Manner, to his abuſed Love and injured Honour.

When the King was departed, *Franion* having no longer that dreadful Object before his Eyes, threatening Death and Torments if he did not murder the innocent Prince, began to reflect ſeriouſly upon the horrid Deed he had engaged to perform: Murder he thought, however ſecretly and ſecurely committed, might for a Time avoid Danger, but never wholly eſcape Puniſhment; that no Balm, no Lenitive

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tive could heal the Stings of a wounded Conscience, and the Guilt of innocent Blood would always be accompanied with Remorse and Horror.

He reflected that, though he was a Subject, his King had no Right to his Obedience when his Commands were contrary to the express Will and Pleasure of the Gods, to whom he owed a higher Duty.

He considered, that the peaceful Calm of a contented Mind in an humble Condition was preferable to the restless Turbulence of Dignity and Riches, when purchased with Crimes and stained with Blood, and that honest Poverty was infinitely better than shameful Grandeur.

Seeing therefore that he must either die with a clear Mind, or live with a foul and spotted Conscience; his Soul was so perplexed between these two Extremes that he could take no Rest; at last he determined to discover the Affair to *Egistus*, and for that Purpose he went to his Apartments, and desiring a private Audience of the King of *Sicily* he was admitted to his Presence, and in a few Words laid open the whole Conspiracy against him.

The Brave and Generous are not easily induced to believe those they love are capable of Baseness and Ingratitude. *Egistus* judging of *Pandosto*'s Heart by the Rectitude of his own, told *Franion* with a severe Countenance, that he would not entertain a Thought to the Prejudice of the King of *Bohemia*'s Honour.

"*Pandosto*, continued he, is my Friend and Ally, no Suspicion has ever yet interrupt-

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ed our mutual Affection, I did not come here to invade his Territories, to ſeduce his Subjects from their Allegiance, or to conſpire with his Enemies. Since therefore I have given him no Cauſe to ſeek my Death, I cannot believe him guilty of ſo unjuſt and treacherous a Deſign; but rather ſuſpect the Information you have given me to be the Effect of a Combination among the *Bohemians*, to create a Variance between me and their King."

Franion replied, "that it was dangerous to dally with the Rage of an incenſed and ſecret Enemy; that if the *Bohemians* had intended any Harm to him they might eaſily accompliſh it without revealing their Conſpiracy; that it was unkind therefore in his Majeſty to miſconſtrue his Zeal for his Preſervation into a treacherous Deſign, for that his Intention was to prevent Treaſon, not to become a Traitor."

He urged him then to fly with Speed into *Sicily* if he hoped to eſcape the Danger which threatned him, and begged his Majeſty would permit him to go along with him, when if he did not fully prove that *Pandoſto* had deſigned to poiſon him, he deſired that his imagined Treachery might be puniſhed with the moſt cruel Torments.

Egiſtus, weighing the Matter thoroughly in his Mind, gave many Thanks to *Franion*, and promiſing if he arrived ſafe in *Sicily* to reward him royally; he deſired him to contrive the Method of their Eſcape.

Franion

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Franion went immediately to conſult with the Admiral of *Egiſtus*'s Fleet, and it was agreed between them, that it ſhould be put in Readineſs to ſail as ſoon as a fair Wind and Opportunity offered.

In the mean Time *Franion* amuſed *Pandoſto* with Hopes of ſoon having his ſo much deſired Revenge accompliſhed, telling him that he was employed in preparing and compounding ſo ſubtle a Poiſon, that the Moment it was ſwallowed would procure immediate Death.

Pandoſto received this News with a malignant Joy, every Hour ſeeming an Age to his impatient Fury till his Revenge was ſatiated with the Death of thoſe who had offended him.

Egiſtus being informed that a favourable Gale had ſprung up, conveyed himſelf and his *Sicilians*, by the Aſſiſtance of *Franion*, out of a Poſtern Gate of the City, with ſuch Secreſy and Expedition, that they got on board their Ships without the leaſt Suſpicion, and ſpreading all their Sails to the Wind ſoon loſt Sight of *Bohemia*.

As ſoon as *Pandoſto* was informed that *Egiſtus* had fled away in the Night, and that *Franion* was gone with him, he let looſe all his Rage upon his Queen, whom he accuſed of conſpiring with *Egiſtus* and the Traitor *Franion*, and commanded ſhe ſhould be led to Priſon.

The *Bohemians* were all alarmed, and ſuſpected ſome Treaſon; and the furious *Pandoſto*

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believing the Queen not only guilty of dishonouring his Bed, but of projecting the Flight of *Egistus*, sent his Guards with Orders to seize her.

The innocent *Bellaria* not expecting the impending Storm, was playing with her little Son *Garrinter*, when the Guards, with much Reluctance, came to execute the King's Demands.

The Queen was at first astonished and turned pale, but recollecting herself, and assuming all the noble Pride of conscious Innocence and affronted Virtue, she gave her Hand to the Captain of the Guard, and without murmuring, suffered him to lead her to her Prison, where she spent the Time in patient Sorrow and absolute Resignation.

Pandosto, mad with the Disappointment of his Revenge upon *Egistus*, resolved it should fall doubly heavy on the Head of the injured *Bellaria*, he therefore caused it to be proclaimed throughout all his Dominions, that the Queen had committed Adultery with *Egistus*, and with his Cup-bearer, *Franion*, had conspired his Death.

Though the Queen's Life had hitherto appeared blameless, yet this confident Proclamation, and the Flight of the King of *Sicily* and *Franion*, raised many Suspicions against her in the Minds of the People, who notwithstanding daily offered up Prayers for her Deliverance.

Her Youth, her Beauty, the Sweetness of her Manners, but above all her Misfortunes, excited every one's Compassion. But

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But the cruel *Pandosto*, in whose rocky Bosom Pity could find no Access, resolved to load the unfortunate *Bellaria* with every Kind of Infamy and Hardship; he would not allow her to be treated in the Prison with the Respect due to the Rank she once held, but caused her to be served and attended with the most cruel Neglect.

The Cruelties he exercised on the Queen did but in Part satisfy his Revenge, he longed to make *Egistus* feel the Weight of his Fury; But this Monarch was so powerful by his Allies, having married the Emperor of *Russia*'s Daughter, that he despaired of ever being able by open Force to accomplish his Revenge.

The unhappy Queen being informed of the vile Accusation against her so openly proclaimed, conscious of her own spotless Innocence, and the Integrity of *Egistus*, earnestly intreated that she might be brought to a public Trial, confronted with her Accuser, and allowed to answer for herself.

But the King was so inflamed with Rage and Jealousy that he would not receive her Petition; and while the poor Queen was thus languishing under the Weight of her Calamities, and hopeless of Redress, she perceived herself to be quick with Child.

So affecting an Incident in her melancholy Condition drew Complaints from her, which softening the rugged Temper of her Keeper,

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he cauſed the King to be immediately informed of it, not doubting but the News would induce him to ſet her at Liberty.

The Queen's Pregnancy however produced quite a contrary Effect; for the King no ſooner heard of it than ſtarting up in a violent Fury, he ſwore *Bellaria* and her Baſtard ſhould die, even though the Gods themſelves ſhould ſay no.

The Queen, notwithſtanding ſo many cruel Afflictions, was happily delivered of a Daughter; and *Pandoſto* immediately declared his Reſolution to have both the Mother and Child burnt.

The Noblemen of his Court uſed all the Arguments their Reaſon and Humanity could furniſh them with, to prevail upon him to change his barbarous Purpoſe, but all they could do was to prevent the Murder of the Child.

The Queen's Doom he told them was irrevocably fixed, but though at the earneſt Solicitations of his Nobles, he promiſed the Child ſhould not be put to Death, yet the Reſolution he took concerning it was little leſs cruel, ſince by it he only meant to protract its Fate.

He ſent a Perſon to the Priſon with Orders to take the Infant from its wretched Mother, and putting it into a Boat and launching it into the Sea, leave it to the Mercy of the Wind and Waves.

The

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The Guards who assisted at this barbarous Deed, moved by the sweet Countenance of the innocent Babe, could not help accusing the King of great Cruelty; nevertheless Fear of his Resentment obliged them to execute his Commands.

They put the Child into a Boat, covering it with Boughs to preserve it from the Inclemency of the Weather, and set it into the Ocean, when immediately so great a Storm arose, that it was with much Difficulty they got to shore again.

This horrid Deed accomplished, the King assembled his Nobles and Counsellors, and *Bellaria* was brought into Court, where she heard the Charge against her read.

The Queen, who saw nothing but her Death would satisfy the incensed King, confiding in her own Innocence, assumed all the Courage her unhappy Condition required, and with a noble Haughtiness demanded to have Law and Justice; "for Mercy, said she, I do not expect; let my Accusers therefore appear in Court, and give their Evidences before my Face."

Pandosto replied, "that the Witnesses were of such Credit that their Words alone were sufficient; that for her, indeed it was her Part to deny such a monstrous Crime, and forswear herself, seeing that she had overcome all Sense of Shame and Remorse in committing it; nevertheless,

vertheleſs, added he, you ſhall die, and die a moſt cruel and ignominious Death."

The Queen, not terrified by theſe Threats, replied without any Emotion, "that to proceed to Puniſhment without Proof, was Rigour, not Law."

The Nobles approved of what ſhe ſaid, and required that her Accuſers ſhould be ſworn and openly examined; and if the Queen's Guilt was fully proved, his Majeſty might condemn her to ſuffer the Puniſhment ordained by the Law for ſuch Offences.

The King anſwered, "that in this Caſe he could and would diſpenſe with the Law, and that the Nobles ſhould take his Word for ſufficient Evidence, otherwiſe he would make the proudeſt of them repent it."

This Threat ſtruck them all dumb, but *Bellaria*, who deſpaired of Life, and dreaded Infamy more than Death, ſaid, "if his Will muſt be the Law, the Jury's Verdict will be uſeleſs; Then falling on her Knees, ſhe conjured the King by the Love he bore to the young Prince *Garrinter* his Son, that he would grant her one Requeſt, which was to ſend ſix of his Nobles, in whom he placed the greateſt Confidence, to the Iſland of *Delphos*, and there conſult the Oracle of *Apollo* concerning the Crimes ſhe was accuſed of."

Pandoſto could not refuſe ſo reaſonable a Requeſt, and having named ſix Embaſſadors to be diſpatched with all Speed to *Delphos*, he committed

committed the Queen to close Imprisonment till their Return.

The Ambassadors performed their Voyage in three Weeks, and as soon as they landed at *Delphos*, they went to the Temple of *Apollo*, and with great Devotion offered Sacrifices to the God, and Gifts to his Priests, according to Custom, and then humbly besought an Answer to their Demands.

They had not kneeled long at the Altar, when *Apollo* with a loud Voice said, "*Bohemians*, what you find behind the Altar take and depart;" they obeyed the Oracle, and found a Scroll of Parchment, which the Priest commanded them not to open but in the Presence of the King.

The Ambassadors assured him of their exact Obedience to his Injunctions, and their Devotions being finished they left the Temple, and sailed with a fair Wind for *Bohemia*, where they soon arrived, and hastened to Court.

Pandosto received them very graciously, and they after giving him an Account of their Voyage, presented the divine Scroll to him, intreating him at the same Time, since the Queen's Life or Death, her Innocence or Guilt, was contained in that sacred Writing, that he would summon the Nobility to meet in the Judgment Hall, and before them and the accused Queen cause the Oracle to be read.

The

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The King approved of their Advice, and on the Day appointed the King and the Nobles being all aſſembled in the Court, the Queen was brought to the Bar, and thus ſpoke.

"How I have led my Life before *Egiſtus* came into *Bohemia*, I appeal, *Pandoſto*, to thy Conſcience, and to the immortal Gods; they only know whether I am guilty of the Crimes whereof I am accuſed; for me, I here proteſt my Innocenſce, and for the Truth of what I ſay, I refer myſelf to the divine Oracle.

Here *Bellaria* being ſilent, the King commanded one of his Nobles to open the Scroll, which he did, and read aloud the following Words, which were written in Letters of Gold.

The ORACLE.

"Suſpicion is no Proof; Jealouſy is a partial Judge; *Bellaria* is chaſte, *Egiſtus* blameleſs, *Franion* a true Subject; *Pandoſto* treacherous; his Babe innocent, and the King ſhall die without an Heir, if that which is loſt be not found."

After the Oracle was read the Court refounded with joyful Acclamations; the Queen's Innocence thus manifeſted, filled every Heart with Tranſport.

The King beginning now to be aſhamed of his raſh Jealouſy and unjuſt Suſpicions, not daring

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daring to approach the wronged *Bellaria*, desired his Nobles to implore her to forgive the Injuries he had offered her; and stung with Remorse and Horror at his past Actions, he publickly confessed his Design against the Life of *Egistus*.

While he was thus laying open his own Treachery, a Messenger came hastily into the Court, and informed the King that the Prince *Garrinter* was dead.

Bellaria, whose Soul had been overwhelmed with Joy by the divine Oracle, which had declared her Innocence, was seized with such an Excess of Sorrow at these dreadful Tidings, that her tender Heart, not able to support the Force of these contrary Extreams, burst with the mighty Weight, and sinking down she expired in a Moment.

The King became senseless at this dreadful Sight, and being carried to the Palace, notwithstanding all the Endeavours of the Physicians he lay speechless three Days.

The *Bohemians* were in the utmost Despair, nothing but Mourning and Complaints were to be seen and heard; the Death of the Queen and Prince, and the extream Danger the King was in, filled the whole City with Grief and Consternation; at length he recovered his Senses and his Speech, and this News in some Measure revived the drooping *Bohemians*.

But the King's Despair was so violent that he attempted to murder himself, and was with Difficulty

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Difficulty prevented by his Nobles, who used all the Arguments they could think of to calm his Mind and perswade him to bear his Misfortunes patiently.

Their dutiful Cares at last succeeded, the King grew more patient and resigned, and gave Orders for the Interment of his Queen and Son, which was performed in the most solemn and splendid Manner.

Once in every Day he went to *Bellaria*'s Tomb, and with Tears of Penitence and Sorrow lamented her unhappy Fate, and his own Misfortunes.

Here we must leave this distressed Prince for a while, to relate what befell the Royal Infant, whom we left floating on the Ocean.

The Boat in which it was laid being tost for two Days with the Wind and Sea, and every Moment ready to perish in the Waves; it pleased the Gods to direct it at last to the Coast of *Sicily*, where it was drove on Shore.

It fortunately happened that a Shepherd who had missed one of his Sheep, not finding it in any of the Covers hard by, came to the Sea-side in Hopes it was there browsing on the Sea-Ivy, and hearing the Voice of a Child, which he at first mistook for the Bleating of a Sheep, went to the Sands and saw a Boat driven on Ground; he immediately waded towards it, and discovered a most beautiful Babe lying at the Bottom, wrapt in a Scarlet Mantle

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Mantle embroidered with Gold, and a Chain of rich Jewels about its Neck.

The Shepherd, astonished at this Adventure, beholding the Beauty of the Infant, and the Riches that were about it, began to think it was some little Divinity, and was going to adore it; when the weak Cries of the Child, who seemed to be just perishing with Cold and Hunger, persuaded him it was a meer Mortal.

Compassion took the Place of Reverence; he approached the Child, took it into his Arms, and supposing by the extraordinary Magnificence of its Dress that it was of noble Birth, he resolved to carry it to the King.

As he was wrapping the Mantle close about it to preserve it better from the Cold, a Bag of Money fell from it at his Feet; which he taking up, was so captivated with the Sight, that changing his Design he determined to breed up the Infant himself, and apply the Money to his own Use; then returned a-bye Way to his Cottage lest any one should perceive what he carried in his Arms.

As soon as he entered the Door the Child began to cry; which alarming his Wife, who supposed he was bringing home a Bastard to nurse, she rated him very severely for his Infidelity.

The Shepherd begged her to be pacified, and told her if she would be secret and cautious their Fortunes were made for ever; then putting

putting the Child in her Arms he produced the Gold and Jewels he found with it, which ſo pleaſed the poor Woman that ſhe reſolved to nurſe the Child carefully, and make their Neighbours believe it was their own.

The Gold and Jewels they concealed, and the Shepherd returned to the Care of his Flocks, while his Wife employed herſelf in nurſing the Foundling, to whom they gave the Name of *Fawnia*.

In a few Years after the Shepherd purchaſed a good Farm, and from tending the Flocks of other People became Maſter of a conſiderable one himſelf.

When *Fawnia* arrived at the Age of ten Years, *Porrus* and *Mopſa*, for ſo her ſuppoſed Father and Mother were called, committed the Care of their Flocks; to her and the young Shepherdeſs, whoſe Beauty at thoſe early Years was the Aſtoniſhment and Admiration of all that beheld her, applied herſelf with the utmoſt Diligence to her paſtoral Employment, ſo that every Thing proſpered under her Hands.

Porrus now purchaſed Land, which he deſigned to leave *Fawnia* at his Death; and ſhe growing to fifteen Years old, many of the rich Farmer's Sons made their Addreſſes to her.

The fair Shepherdeſs was not the only Admiration and Wonder of the Country, her Wit and Judgment was equal to her Beauty, and thoſe

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those uncommon Charms of Mind and Person made her even be talked of at Court.

She who believed herself to be the Daughter of *Porrus*, was not elated with the Praises that were bestowed on her, but with a sweet Humility conformed to the Lowliness of her Condition, and tended her Flocks with the utmost Diligence and Care.

Though she was not vain of the Graces of her Person, yet her rural Habit was always exactly neat, her lovely Hair was bound up with a graceful Negligence, and she took Care to choose the freshest and most becoming Flowers to compose the Garland which shaded her charming Face from the Sun.

The King of *Sicily* had only one Son, named *Dorastus*, a beautiful and accomplished Youth, of whom the *Sicilians* had great Hopes.

The King, desirous of seeing him married before he died, sent an Ambassador to the King of *Denmark* to demand the Princess *Euphania* his Daughter, and the Heir to his Dominions, in Marriage for the Prince of *Sicily*.

The King of *Denmark* agreeing to the Proposal, *Egistus* acquainted his Son with the Treaty he had entered into; he enlarged on the Beauty and Virtues of the Princess *Euphania*, on the Advantages of an Alliance with the King of *Denmark*, and concluded with praising the Gods for the happy Success of his Negociation.

Dorastus

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Doraſtus heard all this with ſuch apparent Indifference that the King was amazed, and aſked him if he had any Objection to the Match?

The Prince anſwered coldly, "That his Heart was yet a Stranger to Love, that all Women were indifferent to him, and that Marriage was an Engagement he had no Inclination to enter into."

The King, extremely offended with this Reply, threatened him with the ſevereſt Effects of his Diſpleaſure if he did not endeavour to conform to his Will; and finding the Prince continued in a ſullen Silence, and would give him no Satisfaction, he quitted him in great Diſpleaſure.

Doraſtus was ſenſibly afflicted at his Father's Anger, and ardently wiſhed he could conquer that Repugnance he felt in his Soul to Marriage, that he might not offend him by an abſolute Refuſal; but the more he ſtruggled to overcome that Diſlike which forced him to ſeem diſobedient to his Father, the deeper he found it rooted in his Breaſt.

A ſhort Time after this Diſcourſe had paſſed between the King and the Prince, there happened to be a Meeting of all the Shepherds Daughters in *Sicily*.

Fawnia was choſen Queen for the Day, and dreſt in her beſt Cloaths preſided over their rural Sports; the Day being paſt in ſuch innocent Diverſions as Shepherdeſſes, when Evening

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Evening approached they separated, and *Fawnia* desiring a neighbouring Shepherdess to go with her to see if her Flock was folded, *Dorastus*, who was returning from Hawking, met the two Virgins as they were going home, and struck with Admiration at the Beauty of *Fawnia*, he stopt and asked her several trifling Questions, in order to have an Opportunity of gazing on her.

Fawnia answered him with so much sprightly Wit and so graceful an Air, that the Prince already half vanquished by the Charms of her Person, was wholly subdued by those of her Mind. Love, offended at the former Obstinacy of this young Rebel, resolved now to make him feel the utmost Effects of his Power, and with the keenest Arrow in his Quiver, pierced that once insensible Heart.

The Prince sighed with Pain and Pleasure; he could not remove his Eyes from the lovely Face of *Fawnia*, which was all overspread with a rosy Blush; he saw her Confusion, and ashamed of his own Weakness he resolved to force himself away, and clapping Spurs to his Horse he hastily bid the Shepherdesses farewel, and rode home to the Palace.

Fawnia, who had surveyed the Prince with a curious Eye, began as soon as he was gone to praise him to her Companion; she admired his Youth, his Beauty, his sweet Affability: The pleasing Theme transported her beyond her usual Moderation, her Thoughts were full

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full of the Prince's Perfections, she could not find Words sufficient to express her Admiration; she perceived at length, and blushed at, her Indiscretion, and remained silent and composed during the rest of their Walk.

She took Leave of her Companion at the Door of her Cottage, and retired to Bed full of a pleasing Anxiety for which her inexperienced Innocence could not yet find a Name.

The Prince, whose Mind was still more restless and uneasy than *Fawnia*'s, because he better understood the nature of his Distemper, passed the Night in various and tormenting Thoughts; Fain would he have banished the sweet Image of *Fawnia* from his Remembrance, but Love had engraved it too deeply in his Heart, and finding his Endeavours to forget her fruitless, he sought to excuse and justify his Passion, by reflecting on the inevitable Charms of her that caused it.

"Oh, cruel! oh, injurious Fortune! cried he, transported with the bright Idea, to hide such Perfection in a Cottage, and lavish Crowns and Scepters often on Deformity."

"Oh! *Fawnia*, was that inchanting Form made only to grace the Fields? were these bright Eyes ordained to shine in humble Vales, and only bless rude Swains with their Love darting Beams? was that sprightly Wit and those native Graces of thy Mind given thee to be for ever clouded in a Cottage?"

"Ah! no, it cannot be, the Gods are just and equal in their Dispensations, and though they did not make you born a Princess, they did more, and made you deserving to be one;

I am

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I am their Instrument to raise you to the Rank for which Nature designed you, and which no other can so worthily fill.

The amorous Prince paused at these Words, then suddenly giving Way to new Reflexions, "How would it please my Father, cried he, to know that my Heart is capable of Love? oh! divine Law, feared by all Men, because honoured by the Gods themselves."

"But alas! *Dorastus*, added he, breathing a deep and dreadful Sigh, who is it that is the Object of thy Passion? a rural Maid, the Daughter of a simple Shepherd. Does this Match suit with the Dignity of thy Birth? thou who art the Son of a King, and Heir to a powerful Kingdom. Ah! let me rather die than poorly submit to such a shameful Weakness; for 'tis better to perish nobly than to live with Contempt."

The wavering Prince, resting a while upon this thought, endeavoured to collect his whole Force of Reason to support a Resolution which seemed worthy of himself; but Love, who laughed at all his vain Attempts to elude his Power, again impress the lovely Image of *Fawnia* upon his Fancy.

"Oh! Beauty, said the sighing Prince, how absolute is thy Empire over the Heart! sweet and imperious Tyrant thou shalt be obeyed, I yield to thy irresistable Force; yes *Fawnia*, lovely and adorable *Fawnia*, thou shalt be mine, thy humble Birth shall be no Obstacle to my Desires."

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" The Gods themselves have not disdained to love; *Jupiter* was enamoured of *Danaë*, and the bright *Apollo* woed the inexorable *Daphne*; these were mortal Beauties, and they were Deities; why then, though a Prince, may not I love a Shepherdess? but their Passions were dishonourable, mine is pure and chaste, 'tis true, and herein I surpass the Gods: Be still then, oh my Soul, for 'tis decreed *Fawnia*, the adorable *Fawnia* shall be mine."

The Prince having thus taken his Resolution, his Mind grew easy and composed, but it was far otherwise with the charming Shepherdess, strange and unusual Dreams perplexed her roving Fancy the whole Night.

That homely Couch, which before had only supplied calm and unrufled Slumbers, and chearful Dreams of pleasant Labour and innocent Amusements past, now gave Birth to anxious Wishes, delusive Hopes, and uneasy Repinings.

She awaked, but not as usual refreshed with her Repose; her renewed Spirits sparkling in her chearful Eyes, and eager to begin the rural Labours of the Day, but heavy, languishing, and full of uneasy Perturbations, she rose before her wonted Hour, and thinking to banish the various Thoughts which tormented her by industrious Toils; she drove her Flocks to the Field, shifted the Folds, and doubled her Morning's Work; at last fatigued and breathless she sat down at the Foot of a Tree, and thus began to accuse the Folly and Presumption of her new Passion.

" Unfortunate

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"Unfortunate *Fawnia*! said she softly sighing, thy Shepherdess's Hook expresses thy mean Condition, and thy Desires shew thy aspiring Mind: Ah! simple Maid, Thoughts above Fortune bring Contempt, 'tis for the Eagle only to gaze on the Sun, art thou not a poor Shepherdess? the Daughter of a Country Swain? be content then to stand securely in the Vale, and do not by endeavouring to climb the Hills hazard the Danger of a Fall: But oh! Love is a powerful Lord and will be obeyed. I love *Dorästus*, ah! the more wretched I, the less Cause I have to hope: Will Eagles catch at Flies? or Cedars stoop to Brambles? *Dorästus* is a Prince, and knows what his Station requires of him, I am the poor Daughter of a Shepherd, and forget my humble Condition."

"Cease then to love unhappy *Fawnia*, or if thou canst not do that, conceal at least thy wrong placed Passion, for it is better to die with Grief than live with Shame; but oh, Gods! why did you give me a Soul capable of the most exalted Passion? and yet place me in a Condition which makes that Passion Presumption?"

The lovely Shepherdess having thus given Vent to her uneasy Thoughts, rose up and began to walk round her Flock, gathering up the straggling Sheep to prevent them from going among the Corn, and while she was thus employed, endeavoured to conquer her too much raised Desires, by contemplating her

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mean Estate, and the apparent Impossibility of ever accomplishing her Wishes.

Mean Time *Doraſtus*, consumed away with impatient Desire, his former Pleasures now grew tasteless to his Sense, Company was tedious, Music only soothed his sweet Disorder, and added Fewel to his Fires.

Weary at length of the intolerable Restraint his Pride had forced him to lay upon his Wishes, he resolved to satisfy his longing Eyes with another Sight of the sweet, but dangerous *Fawnia*.

For this Purpose he stole secretly out of the Palace, and without any Attendants took his Way to the Fields where he had first seen the beauteous Shepherdess *Fawnia*.

There he walked some Time without meeting with the Object his passionate Eyes were every where in Search of. Enraged at his Disappointment, a thousand Times he curst both Love and Fortune, and just as he was resigning himself to the most bitter Despair for his ill Success in this first Attempt, a casual Glance discovered *Fawnia* to him, sitting on the Side of a Hill, selecting the most beautiful Flowers out of a large Heap, which in sweet Confusion were scattered about her to make a fresh Garland for her Head.

The passionate Prince stood at a little Distance for some Moments, contemplating her with an Excess of Wonder and Delight, when *Fawnia* happening to look up, she met his

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his ardent Gaze, and this ſudden and unexpected Sight gave her ſo much Emotion, that her fair Face was in an Inſtant dyed with a roſy Bluſh.

She roſe however from her Seat and curt'ſied to the Prince, but with ſuch native Elegance and Grace, that *Doraſtus*, who could not conceive how a Country Maid bred up in the Fields and Woods could have ſo much Politeneſs in her Manner, was loſt in Aſtoniſhment and Admiration.

"Fair Virgin, ſaid he approaching her, either your Poverty is great, or the Life of a Shepherdeſs is very ſweet, that you can take ſuch Delight in rural Labours, is it becauſe you are ſo like a Nymph that you reſolve to imitate the Nymphs, and waſte your Days in Woods and Lawns? Tell me, ſweet Maid, what Pleaſures are there in a Country Life to balance its Fatigue?"

"Sir, ſaid *Fawnia*, with an inchanting Bashfulneſs, to be contented is to be rich, that Condition is moſt to be coveted in which there is moſt Tranquility; as we Shepherdeſſes are not born to Honour, and little beholden to Beauty, ſo Fame or Fortune is beneath our Care; we are not ſolicitous for any Thing but the Neceſſaries of Life; we think our Rayment fine, if it preſerves us ſufficiently from the cold, and our Food dainty if it ſuffices Appetite; our greateſt Enemy is the Wolf, and our Chief Care is to keep our Flocks in Security; we ſpend the Day in rural

Songs, and delight more in talking of Pan and Country Sports, than *Venus* and her trifling Toys; our Toil is to ſhift our Folds, but the attending our Flocks is only an agreeable Amuſement; our Wealth conſiſts in not deſiring more than we poſſeſs; our Honour in not aiming to be higher than we are; Envy looks not ſo low as a Shepherd; Shepherds do not raiſe their Thoughts to Ambition, we are rich becauſe we are content with our Poverty, and proud only in knowing we have no Cauſe to be proud."

Doraſtus was charmed with this ſprightly Anſwer: Oh! thought he, if this fair Creature's Birth was equal to her Wit and Beauty, ſhe would be a Wife for the greateſt Prince in the World.

"I perceive, *Fawnia*, ſaid the Prince, addreſſing himſelf to her again, that 'tis owing to your not being acquainted with the Enjoyments of a Court, that you are ſo contented with a Country Life; I commend your Wit and Prudence, but I pity your Poverty and low Condition. Will you forſake your Father's Cottage, and attend on a Lady at Court?"

"'Tis dangerous, Sir, anſwered *Fawnia*, to tempt Fortune; ſhe is a fickle Goddeſs, and often raiſes poor Mortals only to throw them down again: I was born to toil for the Court, and not live in it, and am entirely ſatisfied with my preſent Condition."

Ah!

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"Ah! *Fawnia*, ſaid *Doraſtus*, with a Sigh he could not ſuppreſs, I gueſs the Cauſe of your Fondneſs for a rural Life, you love a Country Shepherd."

"Sir, replied *Fawnia*, ſmiling, pardon me if I tell you, you have not gueſſed right: Shepherds! alas, they cannot love they are ſo ſimple, and Maids muſt not if they are no older than I am."

"In my Opinion, pretty one, ſaid the Prince, Maids ought to love becauſe they are young, Cupid is a Child, and the Goddeſs of Love is painted young?"

"Age may indeed be painted with falſe Colours, ſaid *Fawnia*, and Youth may have Actions too forward but what Art too little conceals in one, Ignorance reveals in the other."

Doraſtus, who thought this Converſation the moſt pleaſing of any he ever had, would have perhaps drawn it out to a conſiderable Length, but perceiving ſome of his Attendants approaching, he was willing to know a little more of her Heart before he parted from her.

"Perhaps, *Fawnia*, ſaid he, taking her Hand, I love thee; if ſo you muſt needs yield me your Heart, for I am a Prince you know, and may command you."

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" I acknowledge your Power, Sir, said *Fawnia*, in all just and reasonable Things, but with Submission, I must say my Heart is only at my own Disposal; constrained Love is Force, and Force you have no Right to use over me: and believe me, it is not a vain Boast I make, when I tell you that poor as I am I set so great a Value upon my Chastity, that I would rather die than be the Mistress of the greatest King upon Earth, and my Birth is so mean and groveling that I am not fit to be a Farmer's Wife."

The lovely Shepherdess ended these Words with a Sigh, which escaped her unawares.

The Prince, after a little Pause, replied, " It seems then, *Fawnia*, that you cannot love *Doraſtus*."

" Yes, said *Fawnia* precipitately, when *Doraſtus* becomes a Shepherd."

The Prince's Attendants being now come near, he haſtily went to meet them, leaving *Fawnia* alone and penſive, her Imagination filled with a thouſand new Ideas.

She ſeated herſelf again at the Foot of the Hill, revolving in her Mind all the Prince had ſaid to her, and this ſecond View of him, together with the Affability of his Behaviour, and ſome flattering Hopes ſhe began to entertain, entirely compleated the Conqueſt of her Heart.

For ſome Moments ſhe reſigned herſelf up to the moſt ſoothing Reflexions, but when the Lowneſs of her Condition ruſhed upon her Thoughts,

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Thoughts, and broke the sweet Delusion she was so fond of, then she began to blame the Extravagance of her Wishes, and tried to recollect her scattered Reason.

"Ah! *Fawnia*, whispered she, why dost thou gaze at the Sun and grasp at Wind? Stars are to be beheld at a Distance, not aimed to be touched with the Hand; Hopes are to be measured by Fortune, not impelled by Desire, and Falls come by climbing High, not by sitting low. But what then? added she after a little Pause, must all fall who endeavour to rise because some do? no, Happiness comes by Chance, and Fortune winds those Threads which the Destinies spin. Alas! what strange Perplexity am I in, favoured by a Prince, yet obliged through Prudence to reject that Favour, Denial in my Words, and Desire at the bottom of my Heart; I love *Dorastus*, yet I seem displeased with his Courtship. Ah! 'tis our Sex's Fault to fly from those we eagerly wish to meet. But take Heed, *Fawnia*, said she sighing, for if the Prince is repulsed by thy Shyness, thou wilt severely repent; for unless he loves thou must die. Ah! die then, simple Maid, for *Dorastus* only jests with thee, *Dorastus* cannot stoop to love a Shepherdess; sit down then in thy Sorrow, and pine in secret. Ah me! how am I changed? I was wont to pass away my Days in chearful Songs, now I waste them in Sighs and Complaints."

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While *Fawnia* was thus giving Vent to the tender Anxieties of her Soul, the Approach of Night put her in Mind that it was Time to put her Sheep in the Fold, which having done with a heavy Heart, ſhe haſtened to her poor Cottage.

While Love made this Havock in the innocent Breaſt of *Fawnia*, he raged with ſuch Violence in the Heart of the paſſionate Prince, in which the Pride of royal Birth maintained an unequal Conflict, that ſinking under the Force of thoſe contrary Paſſions, he became a Prey to Melancholy and Deſpair; he loathed his Food, Sleep fled from his Eyes, he grew pale and wan, and fell into a languiſhing Diſeaſe.

The King, amazed at the Alteration in his Son, and trembling for his Life, ordered the Attendance of the ableſt Phyſicians in his Kingdom; but their Art was all in vain.

The Prince himſelf grew apprehenſive of the Danger he was in, he found he could not live without *Fawnia*, and thought it great Folly to die for what it was in his Power to obtain; Honour long oppoſed the Gratification of his Deſires, but Love, reſiſtleſs Love, at Length prevailed.

The Prince, wholly abandoning himſelf to the Power of this ſweet Tyrant, procured a Shepherd's Habit and a Crook, and making them to be conveyed to a ſecret Place, he went

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went privately out of the Palace, and attiring himſelf in thoſe rural Weeds, took his Way to the Place where his charming Shepherdeſs fed her Flocks.

As he went along ſome uneaſy Reflexions aroſe in his Mind when he ſurveyed his homely Dreſs.

"Ah! *Doraſtus*, ſaid he to himſelf, what a ſtrange Alteration is here, a Prince transformed to a Peaſant! does this wild Folly ſuit with the Dignity of thy Birth? but indeed thy Habit ſuits well with thy groveling Thoughts; this is thy proper Dreſs, thou wert always diſguiſed before. Oh! Gods, for what Crime am I aſſigned this Penance? Oh! Love, what a fond Ideot haſt thou made of me?"

"Yet why ſhould I bluſh at this Diſguiſe? have not the heavenly Deities deſcended to Earth, and changed their glorious Forms for Love? Love made *Jupiter* a Bull, *Neptune* a Ram, and *Apollo*, like myſelf, a Shepherd. If they who were Gods ſubmitted to that all-compelling Power, ſhall I, who am a Mortal, dare to rebel againſt it."

While the Prince was thus juſtifying the ſtrange Effects of his Paſſion by thoſe great Examples, he ſpied *Fawnia* at a Diſtance, running after one of her Sheep which had ſtrayed from the reſt: The Sight of that lovely Face ſuppreſt in a Moment all other Emotions but thoſe of Love and Joy.

He flew towards her, and ſhe, who did not know him in that Diſguiſe, but thought

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it was some genteel young Shepherd coming to meet her, secretly wished it had been her Lot to have placed her Affections upon such a one, whom with Reason she might have loved, and hoped to have obtained.

The Prince's nearer Approach convinced her of her Mistake, she sighed and blushed with Pleasure and Surprize, and stopping curt'sied to him with her usual Gracefulness.

Doraſtus taking her Hand, prest it with passionate Tenderness to his Heart, and then fixing an ardent Kiss upon it, begged her to sit down and listen to him a few Moments.

The lovely Shepherdess, trembling with the mixed Emotions which Love, Hope, and Fear excited in her Soul, sat down with him under the Shade of a spreading Oak, and the Prince, after gazing on her for some Time with a fixed Attention, thus spoke.

"You wonder *Fawnia*, no Doubt, at my strange Apparel, but if you knew my Thoughts you'd wonder more, the one indeed disgraces my outward Shape, but the others disturb my Mind."

"I love you, *Fawnia*, for how can I do otherways? formed as you are to inspire all who see you, with that Passion. You promised to love me when I became a Shepherd, behold your Prince transformed to a Country Swain. Now then I claim the Performance of your Promise since I have fulfilled your Desire."

"Tis

"'Tis true, my Lord, said *Pawnia*, you are changed in Appearance, but 'tis in Appearance only; painted Eagles are not Eagles, and Zeuxis' Grapes, as I have read, were only Painted Grapes; rich Ornaments do not make Princes, nor rural Weeds a Swain; Shepherds are not called so because they wear pastoral Attire, and have a Crook and Scrip, but because they attend their Flocks, and take Care of their rural Affairs; this Apparel therefore has not made a Shepherd of a Prince, but makes a Prince appear like a Shepherd."

"Had I been born a Shepherd, replied *Dorastus*, I should have loved you willingly, and being a Prince I am constrained to love you, do not then with an unseasonable Coyness reject a Passion which you only could have inspired, now is your Time to love and be beloved, while that sweet Bloom glows in your charming Face, and every Feature smiles with the Gaiety of Youth. Have you not observed the Fate of these beautiful Flowers with which you so often adorn your lovely Hair, they bud, they bloom, they wither and are neglected; such is your Beauty *Pawnia*; in Youth it is praised, admired, and coveted, in Age forgotten and despised, yield then to virtuous Love, for notwithstanding the Inequality of our Conditions, I mean to make you my Wife."

"*Pawnia*, transported with Surprize and Joy at this unhoped for Declaration, no longer

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ger kept up her forced Indifference, but beholding the Prince with a languishing Sweetness, her Face being all o'erspread with Blushes, "Ah! my Lord, said she, I am ashamed to discover the Thoughts which have long filled my Mind: Ought I, Beggar as I am, to own my Desires have reached at a Prince? Oh! *Dorastus!* I dare not say I love you, because you are the Son of a great King, and I am a poor Shepherdess, but the Gods know how I have honoured *Dorastus!* receive then my humble, my dutiful Affection, and look on me as your Handmaid, ever ready to obey your Will in all Things which are not prejudicial to my Honour.

Dorastus, overjoyed at this sweet and modest Confession of her Love for him, embraced her with a passionate Tenderness, calling all the Gods to witness the Vows he made her of everlasting Love and Fidelity, and now the Lovers began to consult upon the Measures they should take to be united for ever.

Dorastus, who knew his Father would be excessively enraged at such a Match, told *Fawnia* there could be no Safety for them in *Sicily*, and that therefore he would provide a sufficient Quantity of Money and Jewels to support them till some favourable Change happened in their Affairs, and with the Treasure fly into *Italy* and there solemnize their Nuptials.

This Proposal was agreed to with great Joy by *Fawnia*, who trembled at the Thoughts of the King's discovering their Love, believing that

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that nothing less than Death would be inflicted on her for her Presumption: She therefore urged the Prince to make the necessary Preparations for their Flight with the utmost Speed, lest Fortune should cruelly prevent their Intentions.

The Prince, whose eager Passion prompted him no less than her Fears to hasten their Departure, assured her all should be ready in a few Days, and now the approaching Night warning them to depart, he took Leave of *Fawnia* with a tender Embrace, and repairing to the Place where he had left his Cloaths, threw off his Shepherd's Frock and returned to the Palace.

Fawnia was so transported with the unexpected Tide of good Fortune which had come rushing on her, that for some Time she could hardly persuade herself that all was not a Dream; but when the Tumult of her Joy was a little allayed, and calmer Reflexions succeeding, convinced her of the Reality of her Happiness, she thanked the Gods devoutly for their amazing Bounty to her, and beseeched them to continue their Favour and Protection to her and her beloved Prince.

In the mean time *Dorastus* lost no Opportunity of seeing his lovely Shepherdess; she drove her Flocks to the Fields every Day, and continued to watch them as usual, not from any Delight she now took in her pastoral Employment, but in the dear Hope of seeing her beloved Lord.

Dorastus,

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Dorastus, notwithstanding he always came to meet his *Fawnia* in the Habit of a Shepherd, was at last discovered by some that knew him to be the Prince; so that his frequent Visits to *Fawnia* making much Noise among the Country People, some of *Porrus*'s Neighbours, out of good Will to the old Shepherd, advised him to keep his Daughter at home, and keep a strict Eye over her, lest by going so often to the Field she should bring him home a young Son at last, for that the young Prince came often to her, and would certainly, if he had not yet, delude her and make her his Concubine.

This News greatly surprized and alarmed the good old Man, who, after thanking his Neighbours for their kind Informations, hastened home to his Wife, and calling her aside, and wringing his Hands, the Tears fast falling down his aged Cheeks, "O Wife! said he, I fear, I fear our Daughter *Fawnia* has committed Sin, and that she will buy Repentance at a dear Rate: I have sad News to tell you: My Neighbours tell me that the young Prince *Dorastus* looks upon *Fawnia* with a wilful Eye, and if that is the Case I would not give a Wisp of Straw for her Honesty at the Year's End.

"I tell thee, Wife, that Beauty is a great Snare to entrap young Men, and fair Words and fine Promises are great Enemies to a Maiden's Honesty; the Poor may entreat and be refused, but Princes, if Entreaties won't

do, may command, and then who can resist them?

"But it is a hard Case though, said the old Man, sobbing, where the Lust of a Prince is the Law, and that he should bind poor Folks to that which he himself freely breaks."

"Take heed what you say, said the good Wife, with a sagacious Look; speak no more than you should, lest you hear what you would not; do what you can, but no more than you may; great Streams may be stopped by Art, but not by Force; take Care of yourself, lest by endeavouring to save *Fawnia*'s Honesty you lose your own Head: It is dangerous, the Proverb says, to play with edged Tools, and bad to sport with Princes; remember the Wolf had his Skin stripped over his Ears for looking into the Lion's Den."

"You speak like a Fool, said *Porrus*, who could not relish his Wife's sage Council, if the King should hear that *Dorastus* loves our Daughter, his Fury would be such that we might lose our Goods, if not our Lives. A Thought has just now entered my Head, by which I will prevent the King's being offended with us, and perhaps it may not displease the Prince: I will carry the Chain and Jewels I found with *Fawnia* to the King, and confess that she is not my Daughter, and tell him the whole Story of my finding her; the King may perhaps take her under his own Care, and then whatever happens we shall be blameless."

The

The good Wife was well enough pleaſed with this Propoſal, and it was reſolved between them to take the firſt Opportunity of ſpeaking to the King.

In the mean time, *Doraſtus* had communicated his Deſign of leaving *Sicily* to a faithful Domeſtic, who had attended his Perſon from his Childhood, named *Capnio*. This Man at firſt endeavoured to diſſuade him from ſo raſh and dangerous an Enterprize, but finding the Prince determined to depart, he ceaſed to trouble him with any more fruitleſs Expoſtulations, and prepared to aſſiſt him in the Proſecution of a Deſign, which, though he did not approve, he ſaw it was impoſſible to prevent, unleſs by betraying his Maſter to the King, a Piece of Treachery he could not bring himſelf to commit, being bound as well by his own Inclinations, as a ſacred Oath the Prince had made him take to the contrary.

He therefore with great Secrecy and Expedition provided a Veſſel to tranſport them to *Italy*, and the Prince having furniſhed himſelf with a great Quantity of Money and Jewels, gave Orders to *Capnio* to get ſome rich Apparel for *Fawnia*; the Baggage was all ſafely conveyed on board, and the Maſter of the Ship perceiving the Wind likely to be favourable in a few Hours, he gave *Capnio* Notice that they muſt come on board early the next Morning.

Capnio having informed the Prince of this, he ſent him to *Fawnia* deſiring her to be in the Fields by break of Day, where he would meet her and carry her to the Port.

She

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She slept but little that Night: Love, Fear and anxious Expectation kept her waking. At the first Dawn of Light she rose, and unfolding her Sheep, drove them to the Fields, giving many a longing look for her beloved Prince; at last he appeared on Horseback, she ran eagerly to meet him, and he dismounting, after printing a hasty Kiss upon her trembling Lips, took her up behind him, and galloped as fast as possible to the Haven where the Ship lay.

The Sailors, perceiving him at a Distance, rowed to Shore with their Boat, and taking in the Lovers, carried them safe on board, where we must leave them to see what happened at Land.

Porrus having heard that the King intended to take the Air that Morning, put on his Holiday Cloaths, and taking the Chain and Jewels he found with *Fawnia* concealed in his Bosom, he took his Way to the Palace, intending to watch the King's coming out, at the Gate.

Fortune, determining to favour the Lovers a little longer, flung *Capnio*, who was hasting to the Port with a Casket, in the old Man's Way.

Capnio seeing him taking the Road to the Palace, and knowing him to be the Father of *Fawnia*, asked him where he was going so early?

Porrus, who knew him to be a Courtier, replied, that Prince *Dorastus* had dealt very hardly with him; I have but one Daughter, said

said the good Man, who, to say the Truth, has some share of Beauty, I have Reason to apprehend the Prince has seduced her, and I am going to complain to his Majesty of this Injury.

Capnio immediately foreseeing all the fatal Consequences that might attend the old Man's Complaint at that critical Time resolved to prevent it, and therefore began to wheedle him by blaming the Prince for so unworthy a Design, and added, because he was a poor Man and had no Friends to stand by him, himself would assist him in all he could, but, said he, you will lose your Labour if you go to the Palace; for the King designs to take the Air to day on board a Ship that lies in the Harbour, and is already set out; therefore if you will be ruled by me, as I am going to give them Notice of his Majesty's coming that they may be prepared to receive him, I will take you with me, and place you so conveniently, that you shall have all the Liberty you can desire to make your Complaint.

Porrus thanked his new Friend with great Submission for his proffered Kindness, and went with him to the Port, still complaining of the Prince, but concealed the Chain and Jewels, and mentioned nothing concerning *Fawnia*'s being a Foundling.

The Sailors seeing *Capnio*, sent a Boat for him, but now *Porrus*'s Heart failed, he began to suspect some Design upon him, and when *Capnio* asked him to go into the Boat he refused, under Pretence of being afraid of the Sea;

Sea; *Capnio* pressed him, but to no Purpose; whereupon, as there was no Time to be lost, he ordered the Mariners who came in the Boat to carry him in by Force.

Perrus now saw he was betrayed, but thinking it would be fruitless to cry out or exclaim against his false Friend, he civilly entreated him and the Sailors to be kind to him, and pity his Condition, who was but a poor Man and lived by his Labour, and should be undone if he was absent long from his Flocks.

But they were as deaf to his Entreaties as the Winds and Waves to the Prayers of sinking Mariners, and laughed to see him so much afraid; having reached their Ship they obliged him to go on board, where the first Objects he cast his Eyes on, were the Prince and *Fawnia*.

She being dress't in rich Apparel, he scarce knew her at first, so much was her native Beauty heightned by the Magnificence of her Cloaths, in which she appeared with such a graceful Ease, that it seemed as if she had never been accustomed to any other.

Perrus stood gazing on her at a Distance, greatly astonished at what he saw, and wondering where it would end; and the Prince and *Fawnia* who were equally surprized to see him there, eagerly asked *Capnio* for what Purpose he was come?

Capnio informed them that he met him as he was going to complain to the King of the Injury he suspected the Prince had offered him in the Person of his Daughter, and that he had prevented his Design by Artifice, and brought him forcibly to the Ship, adding that

that it was absolutely necessary they should take him with them to *Italy*, otherwise their Discovery would be inevitable.

The Prince approved this Advice, but *Fawnia*, who loved and respected the old Shepherd as her Father, heard this Resolution with great Concern.

Porrus understanding that he should be carried from his Wife, his Country, and Friends, into a strange Land, burst into Tears and Complaints, and falling on his Knees, earnestly entreated *Dorastus* to pardon his rash Folly, and permit him to return home, assuring him he would be as secret as the Grave: But the Prince could not be prevailed upon by all his Protestations to hazard the Danger of a Discovery, and though *Fawnia* herself with Tears conjured him to grant her Father's Request, he continued obstinate in his Refusal, assuring her their Ruin was inevitable if he complied: *Fawnia* then applied herself to comfort the old Man as well as she could, and the Ship with a fair Gale pursued her Voyage.

While this passed at Sea, *Egistus*, who intended to hunt that Morning the Prince departed, sent to desire his Son's Company in that Diversion, hoping it would help to remove the Melancholy which had of late hung upon him.

The Gentleman of his Bed-Chamber returned Answer, that the Prince went that Morning very early to walk as he supposed in the Grove as was his daily Custom; whereupon the

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the King sent some of his Attendants to look for the Prince in that Place, but they coming back without him, the King attended by his Nobles, went to the Chace, and after spending the Day, in hunting returned to the Palace; surprized at not finding his Son yet come home, he ordered strict Search to be made for him; his not appearing that Night filled him with a thousand uneasy Apprehensions, and the next Day, Messengers were dispatched all over the Kingdom to seek for him.

The unhappy King at length supposing he had fallen a Prey to the wild Beasts in the Forest, ordered several Parties of Horse to scour the Country round, and if possible bring him some Intelligence of his Fate.

Some of these Men meeting a Fisherman near the Sea-side mending his Nets, they enquired if he had seen or heard any thing of the Prince, and he very ingenuously told them that a few Days ago he had seen the Prince, with *Fawnia* the Daughter of *Porrus*, the old Shepherd himself, and *Capnio*, all go on board a Ship, which instantly put off to Sea.

This News was immediately carried to the King, who, full of Surprize and Grief, ordered the Wife of *Porrus* to be brought before him, and examined her himself concerning the Flight of her Husband and Daughter with his Son.

The old Woman told the King that her Neighbours had informed her Husband the Prince was too familiar with his Daughter, he apprehending

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something worse would follow, and hearing his Majesty intended to hunt a few Days ago, he rose early in the Morning with an Intention to complain to his Majesty of the Injury he feared the Prince intended to do *Fawnia*, and added, with Tears, that she had never seen her Husband since.

Egistus perceiving the unfeigned Simplicity with which she told her Tale, dismissed her; but reflected so deeply upon the dishonourable Action his Son had committed, that he fell into a Fever, and continued so weak and ill that his Physicians had no Hopes of his Recovery.

But *Dorastus*, who regarded neither Father, Country nor Crown, now he was in Possession of his beloved *Fawnia*, never troubled himself about the Grief his strange Flight would occasion the King and all the *Sicilians*, but resigned himself wholly up to the Contemplation of his present Happiness, which he would not have quitted for all the Empires in the World.

The Winds for some Time seemed to favour their Flight, and they steered their Course to *Italy* without any Interruption; but one Morning the Sky began to be over-cast with Clouds, the Winds grew high, the Sea swelled, and at last a Storm ensued, which raged during three Days with such unceasing Fury that the Ship was so much damaged the Sailors expected every Moment it would sink.

Poor

Poor *Fawnia* was almost dying with her Fears, but the Sight of *Doraſtus*, who never left her a Moment, yielded her some Comfort amidst the Horrors of approaching Death: On the fourth Morning the Storm abated, and the Sailors discovered Land, which they soon knew to be the Coast of *Bohemia*.

Their confused Shouts of Joy gave *Doraſtus* to understand they were in Sight of some Harbour, and with Tears of Joy and Tenderness he congratulated *Fawnia* on their Safety.

But when he was told it was the Coast of *Bohemia* upon which they were driven, remembering the Enmity there was between the King of that Country and his Father, whom he had sought to poison, he was greatly perplexed, not knowing what to do; or whether it was better to trust to the Fury of the Winds and Waves than the Treachery and Cruelty of the inhuman *Pandoſte*.

Capnio, who saw it was impossible to expect any Safety at Sea, advised the Prince to conceal his Name and Country and take up his Residence in some small Village till they could procure a Ship to carry them to *Italy*.

Doraſtus approved this Scheme, and ordered *Capnio* to bid the Ship's Crew give out that his Name was *Meleagrus*, a Gentleman of *Trabalonia*, and assure them in his Name of a large Reward for their Secrecy.

This done they went on Shore, and hired Lodgings at a Farm House in a Village, a Mile distant from the chief City of *Bohemia*; as soon as they were recovered from the Fatigues

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they had endured at Sea during the Storm, *Doraſtus*, impatient to be united to his beloved *Fawnia*, gave *Capnio* Orders to make Preparations for their Marriage.

But in the mean time the Fame of *Fawnia's* Beauty was ſpread through all the Village, and from thence reached the City, and at laſt the Court; nothing was talked of but the lovely Stranger, whoſe wonderful Beauty was the Subject of general Admiration.

Pandoſto, though at that Time above ſixty Years old, was fired with the Reports he continually heard of this young Miracle, and was reſolved to ſee her; and being informed they affected great Privacy, and lodged in a very mean Houſe, he determined to have them ſeized on Suſpicion of their being Spies, and brought before him in order to be examined by himſelf.

Accordingly he ſent a ſmall Party of his Guards to apprehend them, who coming to the Houſe where they lodged, informed them that they muſt come before the King.

Doraſtus, not in the leaſt daunted by this Meſſage, took *Fawnia* by the Hand, and leaving *Porrus* to take Care of the Treaſure, followed the Guards together with *Capnio*.

Being introduced to the King, they paid their Obeiſance to him with a reſpectful Confidence that might have perſuaded him of their Innocence had he really ſuſpected them to have come into his Country with any bad Intention.

But

But the King, at the first Glance of *Fawnia*, was so astonished at her wonderful Beauty, that, forgetting what he had to do for several Minutes, he stood motionless like a Statue, not able to remove his Eyes from that enchanting Object; recovering himself at last, he turned to *Dorastus*, and asked him sternly who he was, of what Country, and with what Intent he had landed in *Bohemia*? "Sir, said *Dorastus*, with a Countenance unchanged, and a resolute Tone of Voice, my Name is *Meleagrus*, a Knight, born and bred up in *Trapalonia*; this young Woman, whom I intend to make my Wife, is a Native of *Italy*, from whence I brought her; the Reason I have so small a Train, is, that her Friends being unwilling to consent to her Marriage, I took her away privately with an Intent to carry her to *Trapalonia*; as we were sailing a violent Storm arose which drove us upon this Coast, and I propose to stay no longer here than till our Ship is refitted, and put into a Condition to pursue her Voyage."

Pandosto, either not satisfied, or pretending not to be satisfied, with this Account, rose from his Seat in a Rage; "*Meleagrus*, said he, I am not to be imposed upon by this unlikely Tale; this Lady appears to be of a much higher Quality than you represent her, and by the graceful Lovelineſs of her Person, fitter to be the Wife of a great Prince, than a simple Knight, as you declare yourself to be."

"You have stolen away this young Lady from her unhappy Parents, like a false Traitor,

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and as you have made them miſerable by your Theft, will, no doubt, ſhortly make her ſo too; therefore, till I can be thoroughly informed of her Birth, and till you have produced a Certificate from *Trapalonia* to confirm the Account you have given of yourſelf, I will detain ye all in *Bohemia*."

The noble Mind of *Doraſtus* could but ill brook the baſe Suſpicions and injurious Language of *Pandoſto*, and almoſt forgetting the Character he aſſumed he looked on him with a Frown of Anger and Diſdain, and with a haughty Accent thus replied:

"It is unworthy the Honour and Dignity of a Prince to reproach any Man with having committed ſcandalous Crimes without any Proof of his Guilt, or even Suſpicion to form a Belief on; inoffenſive Strangers ought to be treated with Kindneſs and Benevolence, not with Diſtruſt and Cruelty, which is contrary to the Laws of Nations, and the Cuſtoms of all civilized People; but the Gods will ſeverely revenge the Cauſe of thoſe, who, through Inability to right themſelves, are obliged to put up with Wrongs and Injuries."

Pandoſto was ſo enraged at this bold and reſolute Language, that he immediately ordered his Guards to carry the audacious Stranger to Priſon, and likewiſe ordered all the Ship's Crew to be put in a cloſe Dungeon. For *Fawnia* he ordered an Apartment in the Palace to be prepared, and recommended her to the Care of ſome of the Court Ladies.

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Doraſtus heard the Order for his Confinement with a contemptuous Silence, and followed the Guards without deigning to caſt a Look on the enraged King, and only by a paſſionate Glance at *Fawnia*, expreſſed the Anguiſh of his Soul at being thus torn from her.

She, with ſtreaming Eyes, ſaw him depart, and retiring to the Apartment allotted for her, reſigned herſelf up to the deepeſt Deſpair, and continued wholly inſenſible of all the Conſolations that were offered her.

Mean Time *Pandoſto*, in whoſe old Boſom Love had again kindled a Flame, loſt no Opportunity of ſeeing the beauteous Stranger. At firſt, he fancied he was only giving Way to a pleaſing Amuſement when he ſought the Sight and Converſation of *Fawnia*, but he ſoon perceived that ſhe was become neceſſary to his Happineſs.

His reſtleſs Anxiety when he was abſent from her, his diſordered Wiſhes when with her, the Perturbations of his Mind when he thought of *Meleagrus*, convinced him that this unknown Virgin had conquered his Heart; he bluſhed at his own Weakneſs; he reflected on his advanced Age; his exalted Rank; on her Youth, Beauty, and mean Condition; and ſought for Reaſons againſt his yielding to the Force of his miſplaced Paſſions, Reaſons he found many, but Love was ſtronger than them all.

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In vain he represented to himself that *Fawnia* loved the unknown Knight, and that a Heart already prepossessed with a young and amiable Object, was not likely to yield to his Sollicitations; his Passion seemed to gather Strength from the Obstacles which opposed it, and he resolved, if Persuasions failed, to make Use of all his Power, to compel *Fawnia* to his Desires.

For this Purpose he sent a Messenger to her one Day when he was walking in a Park behind his Palace, to tell her he wanted to speak to her.

Fawnia went to him unwillingly, and as she approached, the King taking her Hand walked with her a few Steps, then stopping suddenly, he looked earnestly at her a Moment, and thus spoke.

"*Fawnia*, I am charmed with thy Wit and Beauty, I pity thy distrest Situation, and am willing to make thy Fortune, provided thou wilt forsake that despicable Knight who brought thee hither. — He is unworthy to possess an Object so lovely, thou art fit for the Embraces of a King, and if thou wilt yield to be my Mistress, I will advance thee both to Dignity and Riches."

"I little expected, replied *Fawnia*, with a noble Disdain, to hear a Proposal so base and so unworthy the Majesty of a King, from *Pandosto*. Is it for you Sir, for one of your Dignity and Age to attempt to seduce an unhappy

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happy Virgin, whom Fortune and your own Injustice has put into your Power? But know, my Lord, that your Endeavours to engage me from *Meleagrus* are all in vain; he won my Heart by honourable Love, and he only shall possess it; my unhappy Fate drove me into your Dominions, where I have been separated from *Meleagrus*, and am persecuted by you; but these Misfortunes cannot lessen my Love, or shake my Constancy. True Love like true Virtue, gathers Strength and Firmness from Distress. No, though your Majesty has imprisoned my Lover without any Cause, contrary to all the Laws of Hospitality and Justice, and by that Means I am left alone and without any Protection in your Court, yet think not that the most terrible Threats, or most alluring Temptations, can make me consent to any Thing that is dishonourable. I have a noble Mind, though the Gods have been pleased to cover it with plebean Clay; I cannot be terrified by Threats, or soothed by Flatteries into a base Compliance, therefore be assured, I would rather chuse to be the Wife of *Meleagrus*, and share with him the greatest Miseries that cruel Fortune can inflict, than be the Concubine of *Pandosto*, and live in all the Splendor he can bestow."

The King, though greatly surprized and perplexed with this resolute Answer of *Fawnia*, yet would not give over his Solicitations; when he found he could not prevail upon her to yield to his Desires by Promises of

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Wealth and Grandeur to herſelf, he ſwore that he would not only ſet *Meleagrus* at Liberty, but that he would confer Honours and Dignities on him, and raiſe him to a Rank equal to the greateſt of his Noblemen."

But *Fawnia* replied, "that ſhe would not purchaſe his Liberty, ardently as ſhe loved him, with the Loſs of her Honour," and *Pandoſto* ſeeing her ſo fixed in her Reſolution not to forſake *Meleagrus*, would preſs her no further at that Time, and left her to herſelf.

Fawnia, as ſoon as ſhe was alone, began with Sighs and Tears to bewail this new Misfortune which had befallen her, anticipating by her Fears the Diſtreſſes her Refuſal of the King's Offers might bring upon *Doraſtus* and herſelf.

"Oh! unfortunate *Fawnia*, ſaid ſhe, how well has thy Preſumption, in daring to love a Prince, been puniſhed by the Calamities thou endureſt at preſent, and thoſe greater ones which thou haſt Reaſon to expect. Ah! fond and inconſiderate Maid, hadſt thou been contented with the humble Condition of a Shepherdeſs, in which thou wert born, thou hadſt eſcaped theſe Evils; but thy raſh Folly has not only undone thyſelf, but ruined him whoſe Happineſs is and ought to be dearer to thee than thy own!"

"Oh! *Doraſtus*, *Doraſtus*, thou who wert born a Prince, art now a Priſoner for my Sake; thoſe Hands which were formed for Scepters are loaded with ſhameful Irons for me,

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me, unworthy me, what Miſeries has thy fatal Paſſion for the wretched *Fawnia* brought upon thee? too lovely and too generous Prince, thou hadſt been ſtill great and happy but for me. Oh! that by my Death I could free thee from thy unworthy Bonds, but alas! thy Freedom can only be procured by the Sacrifice of my Honour, and that Sacrifice thou wouldſt never conſent to; no, my dear Prince, 'tis only by my Fidelity to thee that I can requite thy wonderous Love, and here I ſwear by the immortal Gods, no Temptations, no Threats, not even of Death itſelf, ſhall ever make me forſake thee."

Fawnia having thus given Vent to the ſecret Sorrows of her Soul, retired to her Apartment in the Palace, and paſt the melancholy Hours in bewailing the Confinement of her beloved Prince, and offering up Prayers to the Gods for his Deliverance.

Mean Time *Doraſtus* lay in a cloſe Priſon, loaded with Irons like a common Criminal, and now a thouſand bitter Reflexions roſe in his Mind; Rage and Shame at the unworthy Treatment he received, made him ſometimes regret his ill placed Paſſion, which had brought him into ſo wretched a Condition.

But this Thought ſeldom dwelt long upon his Mind, and he was more ready to accuſe the Gods of Cruelty and Injuſtice for divideing him from *Fawnia*, and ſubjecting him to ſuch Miſeries, than to repent the Folly that had cauſed them.

Oh! wretched *Doraſtus*, would he cry, when aſſaulted by a vainly ſuppreſt Remorſe,

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oughteſt thou in Reaſon to repine at thy Fate? are not worſe Puniſhments, if poſſible, than what thou now endureſt due to thy Unworthineſs and Folly? couldſt thou expect to be favoured by Heaven, thou who didſt forget the Duties of thy Station, and haſt diſgraced thy Rank and Dignity? the Wrath of Heaven is levelled at the Wretch who diſobeys his Father, and oppreſſes his old Age with Shame and Sorrow, thou haſt done this *Doraſtus*, and mayſt with Reaſon expect the ſevereſt Puniſhments will be inflicted on thee; behold me then ye Gods ready to ſuffer all your Vengeance, and willing to expiate my Offence by Death: But on me, on me only let looſe all your Fury, ſpare the lovely, the innocent *Fawnia*, ſhield and defend her helpleſs Youth from the inhuman Tyranny of *Pandoſto*, and if my Death can procure her Safety, haſten it ye heavenly Powers, and let my Puniſhment attone for all."

While the two Lovers thus groaned under the cruel Tyranny of *Pandoſto*, his Paſſion for *Fawnia* gave him no leſs Diſquiet; her Denials inſtead of abating increaſed his unlawful Deſires; his Diſcontent appeared in every Look and Action, ſo that his Courtiers, who ſaw him always diſturbed and uneaſy, wondered from whence the ſudden Alteration proceeded.

Though the reſolute Behaviour of *Fawnia* in the laſt Interview he had with her gave him no Reaſon to hope for any Change in her Sentiments, yet being impatient to ſee her again and aſſail her Virtue with new Sollicitations, he

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he ordered her to be brought privately into his Apartment.

Fawnia, with great Reluctance, suffered herself to be conducted to his Presence, and the King, as soon as he saw her, ordered all his Attendants to withdraw, and with a soothing Look and Voice thus spoke to her.

"Well, charming *Fawnia*, have you considered upon the Purport of my last Conversation with you, when we walked together in the Park? are you become less obstinate, and more wise? Will you prefer the Love of a King to the Affection of a miserable Knight? I persuade myself you are not so insensible to the Charms of Ambition as not to think it better to be the Favourite of a King, than the Wife of a poor Subject."

"My Lord, replied *Fawnia*, I am sensible that I am in your Power, and have indeed severely felt the arbitrary Exertion of it; is it just, is it reasonable, my Lord, to inflict upon innocent Persons such Punishments as are only due to guilty ones? What Crime has *Meleagrus* committed against you that he must be loaded with Chains and confined in a horrible Prison? And what Right have you over my Person, that you detain me here in your Palace, and force me to listen to your infamous Proposals? *Meleagrus* has never attempted to seduce your Subjects from their Allegiance to you; why then do you attempt to allure me from the Fidelity I owe to him? but know, unjust Prince, though Fortune has put my Person in your

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Power, my Mind can never be ſubdued, but diſdains alike your Promiſes and Threats, I have vowed to keep myſelf for my beloved *Meleagrus*, and nothing but Death ſhall prevent my keeping that Vow."

" Is it poſſible then, ſaid *Pandoſto*, that you can perſiſt in refuſing the Love of a King, for the Sake of that wretched Man? fooliſh and ungrateful Girl. you ſay you are in my Power, yet I forbear to uſe it to your Prejudice, and what I might compel by Force, am contented only to ſue for, by Prayers; yield then and reward my ardent Paſſion with your Love, *Meleagrus* ſhall be ſet at Liberty, your Countrymen diſcharged, and all that your utmoſt Wiſhes can ſuggeſt, ſhall be fulfilled by a King who burns in Love for you."

" Why do you talk of Love? replied *Fawnia*, with a beautiful Diſdain, you who are a Stranger to that godlike Paſſion, alas! 'tis Profanation to call the Inclination you have for me by the Name of Love, ſuch Love as yours, my Lord, is worſe than Death to a modeſt Virgin, and to avoid it I will freely ſacrifice my Life. Well may you threaten me with your Power, you who are capable of making ſo ill an Uſe of it, but know, laſcivious Prince, that all your Power is inſufficient to force me to a Crime the Gods abhor, and ſince I dare die to preſerve my Honour, your impious Attempt will gain you nothing but eternal Infamy."

Pandoſto

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Pandoſto, enraged at her unalterable Love for *Meleagrus*, and fixed Reſolution to refuſe his Offer, ordered her, with Eyes ſparkling with Fury, to quit his Preſence, ſwearing at the ſame Time that unleſs ſhe diſpoſed herſelf ſoon to yield to his Deſires, he would force her to comply, whatever might be the Conſequences.

Fawnia, not in the leaſt terrified at his Menaces, quitted his Apartment and retired to her own, arming her Soul with Fortitude to eſcape his threatened Force by Death, if Heaven afforded her not ſome other Means of Relief.

In the mean Time the King of *Sicily* was informed by ſome *Bohemian* Merchants, who had diſcovered *Meleagrus* to be *Doraſtus*, that his Son was in *Bohemia*, and confined in Priſon by the King.

Egiſtus, though extremely offended with his Son for his Diſobedience and Deſertion of him, yet could not hear of the ſhameful Treatment he received from *Pandoſto* without feeling great Affliction; and reflecting that *Bellaria* and himſelf had been cleared by the Oracles of *Apollo* of the Crime the King ſuſpected them guilty of, he did not doubt but *Pandoſto* would ſend back his fugitive Son, at the Requeſt of his Ambaſſadors.

He therefore ordered a ſmall Fleet well manned to be prepared, and giving a Commiſſion to ſome of his principal Nobles to demand

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mand the Prince of *Pandoſto*, they embarked and ſet ſail for *Bohemia*.

Pandoſto received the *Sicilian* Ambaſſadors with great Reſpect, which filled them with Hopes of returning to their Maſter with Succeſs, and ſoon after their Arrival related to them the Adventure of the *Trapalonian* Knight, who he ſaid had come into his Dominions in a very ſuſpicious Manner, bringing with him a young Lady, named *Fawnia*, and no Attendants but a Shepherd, and an old Man.

The Ambaſſadors immediately perceived this *Trapalonian* Knight was no other than their Prince *Doraſtus*, but they diſſembled the Matter for the preſent till the King granted them a public Audience, and then in the Name of their Sovereign they demanded the Prince of *Sicily* of him, who was in his Dominions under the Name of *Meleagrus*.

They then proceeded to acquaint his *Bohemian* Majeſty that the Prince of *Sicily* had contrary to the Will of the King his Father, quitted the Kingdom, and carried with him a young Maid, named *Fawnia*, the Daughter of an old Shepherd, called *Porrus*, and that *Capnio*, one of the Prince's Attendants, had accompanied him in his Flight.

They concluded with telling the King that it was the Requeſt of their Sovereign *Egiſtus*, that Prince *Doraſtus* ſhould be freed from his Confinement and ſent home with them, and that

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that *Capnio*, *Porrus*, and his Daughter, *Fawnia*, ſhould be put to Death.

Pandoſto heard this Embaſſy with great Aſtoniſhment, and willing to reconcile himſelf to *Egiſtus*, and to ſhew how much he deſired to renew their long interrupted Friendſhip, he reſolved punctually to execute his Will, and to ſacrifice *Fawnia* both to his Policy and his injured Love.

He therefore ſent Orders immediately for the Releaſe of *Doraſtus*, who was greatly ſurprized at this unexpected Favour, but he was ſtill more ſo, when being conducted into the King's Preſence, he ſaw ſeveral Noblemen belonging to his Father's Court, who, as ſoon as he appeared, approached, and paid their Duties to him with the utmoſt Reſpect.

Pandoſto riſing from his Chair of State embraced him with many Expreſſions of Tender and Reſpect, mingling Apologies for what had paſſed, while his Birth and Quality were unknown, then ſeating him on his right Hand, he declared to him the Purport of the Embaſſy, he had received from the King, his Father.

Doraſtus, in great Confuſion to find the Cauſe of his Flight was thus publickly known, held down his Head to hide the Bluſhes which overſpread his Face, but when the King went on to relate the Puniſhment that he was required to inflict upon *Fawnia* and the other Partners of his Flight, he was not able to conceal the ſtrong Emotions of his Soul,

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Soul, but in the moſt paſſionate Terms he exclaimed againſt the Cruelty and Injuſtice of his Father, and earneſtly conjured *Pandoſto* not to execute ſo inhuman a Sentence.

The King, without being moved by his Intreaties, ordered *Fawnia*, *Capnio*, and *Porrus* to be brought before him, and giving Way to the Fury of his Reſentment againſt *Fawnia*, whoſe noble Reſiſtance had changed the Former Love he bore her into Hatred, he accoſted the trembling Maid with theſe reproachful Words.

" Mean and contemptible Wretch, ſaid he, how durſt thou raiſe thy dazled Eyes to Honour, and in thy baſe born Soul nouriſh the Flames of Ambition. Was it for thee, thou Beggar, to entertain Hopes of marrying a Prince? and practiſe Arts to induce the Son of a great King to forſake his Country to gratify thy inſolent Deſires? but know, thou dangerous Syren, Death ſhall be the Reward of thy daring Ambition; and thou old doating Fool, ſaid he, to the pale trembling *Porrus*, whoſe inſolent Folly has prompted thy Daughter to this raſh Undertaking, thy Life ſhall pay for thy Preſumption."

" But for thee, *Capnio*, added the enraged King, Death is too eaſy a Puniſhment, thy Treaſon and Falſhood merits ſomething worſe, I therefore condemn thee to have thy Eyes put out, and till thou dieſt grind continually in a Mill, like a blind Horſe."

Doraſtus,

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Doraſtus, whom the Sentence that was paſt on *Fawnia*, had thrown into a ſilent Agony of Grief, Rage, and Deſpair, perceiving they were about to lead her away, roſe up to ſpeak in her Defence, but overcome with the Violence of theſe different Emotions, he ſunk down again in his Chair, without any Appearance of Life.

By the timely Aſſiſtance of the King's Phyſicians he recovered, his Senſes, and at their Inſtances, he was removed from the Sight of *Fawnia*, who, as ſoon as he was taken out of the Room, ſpoke in this Manner.

" If my Death will be the Means of procuring Peace and Happineſs for Prince *Doraſtus*, who is my betrothed Lord, and whoſe ſacred Vows, the Gods have heard, and regiſtered in Heaven, and which no Power on Earth can diſſolve, I am then content to die, but my innocent and tender Paſſion for him, I ſhall carry to my Grave; my laſt Breath ſhall be ſpent in begging Bleſſings for him, in imploring the Gods to ſhed their choiceſt Gifts upon him, that when he ſucceeds to the Throne of his Father, he may rule his Subjects with Prudence, Equity, and Moderation, for Wiſdom and Mercy are divine Attributes, and a Monarch's true Safety and Happineſs conſiſts in the Love, and not the Fear of his People. Behold me then, O King, prepared to ſuffer all the Rigour of your Sentence. But oh! my Father, what has he done, that his gray and venerable Hairs muſt

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by Violence be brought to the Grave, alas! he is abſolutely innocent of the Engagement, between the Prince and me; he neither counſel'd my Flight, nor conſented to accompany me in it, but was brought forcibly on board the Ship, and compelled to be the Partner of our Voyage; muſt he then die for an involuntary Crime? Oh unjuſt and cruel Deſtiny! —But who art thou, King *Pandoſto?* who judgeſt thus the Subjects of another King, who not having committed any Thing worthy of Puniſhment, ſince they came into thy Territories, haſt nevertheleſs paſſed Sentence of Death upon them? But ſomething within me ſays thou haſt a Power to judge *Fawnia*; be it ſo then; and welcome Death, which will bring me to thoſe Regions of Bliſs, where eternal Juſtice, Mercy and Compaſſion reigns.

The old Shepherd, moved with the affectionate Entreaties of *Fawnia* in his Favour, and perceiving there was no more Hope of Life, reſolved, before he died, to diſcover that ſhe was not his Daughter, and, after entreating a few Moments Audience, ſpoke thus:

"King of *Bohemia*, and ye noble Ambaſſadors of *Sicily*, ſeeing that I am, though innocent, condemned to die, I am willing to diſburthen my Conſcience of a Secret I have too long concealed: I will tell ye as much as I know, and no more than is true: *Fawnia*, who has been diſdained as a vile Beggar, is not my Daughter; I found her, and thus it happened: Being a poor Shepherd in *Sicily*, and living by keeping other Mens Flocks, upon a certain

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certain Day, one of my Sheep ſtraying down to the Sea-ſide, I went to look for it, and ſaw a little Boat driven upon the Sands, wherein I found a Babe, about ſix Days old, wrapt in a ſcarlet Mantle, with a Chain about its Neck: Compaſſion moved me to take Care of the Child, and being covetous of the Treaſure I had found with it, I carried it home to my Wife, who nurſed it as her own, and when it grew up ſet it to keep Sheep; this Lady, *Fawnia*, is the Child whom I found, and here is the Chain and the Jewels that were about her; who ſhe is, and of what Parentage, I know not, but I ſolemnly declare ſhe is not mine."

Pandoſto, who had with Difficulty reſtrained his Emotions while *Porrus* was ſpeaking, as ſoon as he was ſilent, impatiently demanded to know the Seaſon of the Year when he found this Babe, the Boat in which it was laid, and ſeveral other Circumſtances; and fully ſatisfied with his Anſwers, he ſuddenly ſprung from his Seat, and in a Rapture of paternal Affection, he catched *Fawnia* in his Arms, bathing her tender Face, which he preſſed cloſe to his own, with Tears of Surprize and Joy, and crying in broken Accents, "Oh, *Fawnia!* my long loſt Daughter! I am thy Father, *Fawnia*."

Theſe Exclamations and ſudden Paſſion filled all that were preſent with Amazement, eſpecially *Fawnia*, who ſtood motionleſs with Surprize, her lovely Face expreſſing at once the Extremes of Joy, Hope, Fear and Wonder.

Pandoſto

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Pandoſto, as ſoon as the firſt Violence of his Tranſports was abated, ſent for *Doraſtus*, who was by this Time perfectly reſtored to his Senſes, and holding *Fawnia* by the Hand, he declared, that ſhe was his Daughter, of whom his Wife *Bellaria*, had been delivered while ſhe lay under the falſe Suſpicion of Adultery, and was therefore by his Orders expoſed in an open Boat to the Fury of the Waves: He then ordered *Porrus*, to tell the Prince where he had found her, and his Relation finiſhed, he again embraced her, and publicly acknowledged her for his Daughter.

Fawnia, now aſſured of the Reality of her Happineſs, indulged her Joy at this unexpected good Fortune; *Doraſtus* was tranſported out of himſelf, and the *Sicilians* no longer repined at their Prince's Choice, but rejoiced in the Expectation that the Enmity which had ſo long ſubſiſted between *Egiſtus* and *Pandoſto*, would now be changed into a firm Friendſhip and perpetual Peace between the Kingdoms of *Sicily* and *Bohemia*.

The News was ſoon ſpread through *Pandoſto*'s Dominions; the Streets rung with Exclamations of Joy for the King's having found his Daughter, and that there was now a lawful Heir to the Crown of *Bohemia*; nothing but magnificent Shews were every where to be ſeen, and the moſt extravagant Demonſtrations of Joy.

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The King conferred the Honour of Knighthood on old *Porrus*, who had been ſo long the reputed Father of *Fawnia*; and cauſing a noble Fleet to be put in readineſs to ſail, he embarked with *Doraſtus*, *Fawnia*, and the *Sicilian* Ambaſſadors, with a numerous Retinue, and ſoon arrived at *Sicily*, where he was kindly received by *Egiſtus*, who was perfectly ſatisfied with his Son's Fortune.

The nuptial Ceremonies between the Prince and Princeſs were performed with great Magnificence; and ſoon after, *Pandoſto* giving way to a thouſand gloomy Reflexions, which the Conſideration of his unjuſt Jealouſy of *Bellaria*, his deſigned Cruelty to *Egiſtus*, but above all his unnatural Paſſion for his Daughter, had inſpired, a deep Melancholy ſeized his Spirits, which turning to a Phrenzy, he one Night, took Advantage of the Abſence of his Attendants, and ſtabbed himſelf with a Dagger.

His Death was much lamented by *Doraſtus*, *Fawnia* and the good *Egiſtus*; his Body being embalmed, the young King and Queen of *Bohemia* took Leave of the King of *Sicily*, their Father, and carried the Corpſe of the deceaſed Monarch with them to *Bohemia*, where the funeral Obſequies were performed with great Splendor; and they aſcended the Throne, to the univerſal Joy of the whole Kingdom.

OBSERVA-

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OBSERVATIONS *on the Use* Shakespear *has made of the foregoing Novel in his Play called The* Winter's Tale.

The Fable of the WINTER'S TALE.

POLIXENES, King of *Bohemia*, and *Leontes*, King of *Sicilia*, having been bred together in their Youth, and maintained a strict Friendship and Correspondence with each other after they succeeded to the Thrones of their Fathers; *Polixenes* desirous of seeing again his beloved Companion, pays him a Visit in his own Dominions, where, after staying a considerable Time, he proposes to take Leave and return to his own Kingdom; but *Leontes*, unwilling to part with him, presses him to a longer Stay; *Polixenes* refuses; whereupon *Leontes* desires his Queen *Hermione* to solicit him; she obeys; and *Polixenes*, at her Request, consents to remain a little longer in *Bohemia*.

Leontes takes Occasion, from the Earnestness of his Wife's Entreaties and the easy Compliance of *Polixenes*, to suspect them both of Adultery; and growing furious with Jealousy, he endeavours to persuade *Camillo*, one of

of his Courtiers, whom he had made Cup-Bearer to *Polixenes*, to poison him.

Camillo promises to perform his Orders, but secretly discovers them to the King of *Bohemia*, who, thus warned, makes his Escape by Night, accompanied by his Preserver, *Camillo*.

Leontes, enraged at their Flight, and supposing that his Queen was privy to it, publicly accuses her of Adultery with *Polixenes*, and of conspiring with *Camillo* to take away his Life.

Hermione is sent to Prison, where she is delivered of a Daughter: *Paulina*, an old Lady, Friend to the Queen, carries the Child to *Leontes*, who swears it is a Bastard, and threatens to have both it and the Mother burnt; being with Difficulty dissuaded from this cruel Resolution, he orders *Antigonous*, the Husband of *Paulina*, to carry the Child to some desert Place, quite out of his Dominions, and there leave it.

Antigonous being instructed in a Dream how to dispose of it, carries it into *Bohemia*, and leaves it in a Wood, but as he is returning to his Vessel, he is devoured by a wild Bear, and the Ship is wrecked.

Leontes having sent Messengers to *Delphos* to consult the Oracle of *Apollo* concerning his Queen's Infidelity; as soon as they return, the Queen is brought to her Trial, and her Accusation

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cusation being read, which she courageously denies, and refers to the Oracle, it is broke open and read aloud, and pronounces her Inher Innocence.

The King declares the Oracle is false, and orders the Court to proceed in the Tryal, when a Messenger brings him an Account of the sudden Death of the Prince his Son, the Queen falls into a Swoon at this News, and is carried out.

Leontes, believing the Death of his Son to be a Punishment for his Profanation in denying the Truth of the Oracle, repents his unjust Accusation of *Hermione*, asks Pardon of *Apollo*, and resolves to make his Queen Amends, for the Injuries he had offered her.

While he is making these penitent Resolutions, *Paulina* enters, and informs him the Queen is dead. *Leontes*, in great Affliction, vows to visit her Tomb once in every Day while he lives, and weep over it.

In the mean Time the little *Perdita*, his Daughter, is found by a *Bohemian* Shepherd, who breeds it up as his own Child: Prince *Florizel*, the Son of *Polixenes*, falls in love with *Perdita*, and resolves to marry her. The King, his Father, discovers his Intention, and threatens *Perdita* with Death if she ever again presumes to receive his Son's Addresses; *Camillo*, who ardently desired to visit his own Country, *Sicilia*, and his old Master *Leontes*,

 persuades

perſuades Prince *Florizel*, ſince he was determined not to quit *Perdita*, to ſteal her away and carry her to *Sicilia*, and feign an Embaſſy from his Father to *Leontes*, which would ſecure him a kind Reception.

Florizel goes on board a Ship with *Perdita*, and ſails to *Sicilia*, where he is received with great Friendſhip by *Leontes*, but immediately after King *Polixenes* himſelf arrives, having been perſuaded by *Camillo* to follow his Son, and prevent his Marriage with *Perdita*.

The ſuppoſed Father of *Perdita* having been decoyed on board the Prince's Veſſel, as he was going to the King to diſcover how he came by *Perdita*, and to ſhow him the Tokens he found with her; ſhe is by his Means diſcovered to be the Daughter of *Leontes*.

Paulina, overjoyed at this happy Diſcovery, invites the two Kings, with the Prince and Princeſs, to her Houſe to ſee a Statue of *Hermione*, which ſhe ſays is juſt finiſhed, they follow her, and ſhe ſhews them *Hermione* herſelf, who they ſuppoſed dead, ſtanding upon a Pedeſtal; after they have gazed on her ſome Time, ſtill thinking it was a Statue of the deceaſed Queen, *Paulina* orders the Muſic to play, and bids the Statue deſcend, which it does, and is diſcovered to be the living *Hermione*.

Leontes receives her again with Tranſport, Prince *Florizel* is married to his beloved *Perdita*,

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and the good old *Paulina* is rewarded with another Husband, in the Room of her lost *Antigonous*.

It has been mentioned as a great Praise to *Shakespear* that the old paltry Story of *Dorastus* and *Fawnia* served him for a Winter's Tale, but if we compare the Conduct of the Incidents in the Play with the paltry Story on which it is founded, we shall find the Original much less absurd and ridiculous.

If *Shakespear* had even improved the Story, and cleared it of great Part of its Inconsistencies, yet he would still have been accountable for what remained, for why indeed did he chuse a Subject so faulty for the Story of a Play; his Claim to Praise would have been but very small, by making what was bad better, since he was free in the Choice of his Subject; but certainly he can have no Pretensions to it at all by changing bad to worse; that he has done so will be easily proved by examining some of the principal Incidents, as they are differently managed by the Novelist and the Poet.

The King's Jealousy is the Foundation of all the Adventures that followed, but extravagant as its Consequences are in both, yet the Rise and Progress of this terrible Passion is better accounted for in the Novel than the Play; In the first we are told that *Pandosto*, charmed with the friendly Visit *Egistus* paid him in his Dominions, desired the Queen to

treat her royal Guest with the Respect and Esteem that was due to his Merit, and the Friendship he had for him; the Queen, like an obedient Wife, complies with her Husband's Directions, and perhaps over-acts her Part. The King begins to think he has been too officious; the innocent Familiarity between his Wife and Friend creates Suspicions, which meeting with a Mind prepared by a natural Distrustfulness to receive them, produces those Sparks of Jealousy which his interested Observations on all their Looks, Words, and Actions, afterwards blew into a Flame.

This Account of the King's Jealousy does not absolutely clash with Probability. But let us see how *Shakespear* manages it in the Play; the two Kings make their first Appearance in the second Scene in high Friendship and Confidence; *Polixenes* reminding his Friend of the Length of his Visit, tells him he is now resolved to be gone.

Leontes, not able to part with him, presses him earnestly to stay longer, *Polixenes* urges the Necessity of his speedy Departure, and truly, as he observes, nine Months is a great while for a good King to be out of his own Dominions.

Leontes, after many fruitless Intreaties, reproaches his Queen for not endeavouring to detain *Polixenes*, she, in obedience to his Commands, presses him to gratify her Lord by a little

little longer. Stay; *Polixenes* complies at her Request, and certainly he must be a very ill bred Monarch had he done otherwise.

All this Conversation passes in the Presence of *Leontes*, who from hence takes Occasion to be jealous, and passes in an Instant from the greatest Confidence, Security, and Friendship imaginable, to the last Extremity of Jealousy and Rage. What wonderful Contrivance is here? The Legerdemain, who shews you a Tree that buds Blossoms and bears ripe Fruit in the Space of five Minutes, does not put so great a Cheat on the Senses, as *Shakespear* does on the Understanding; for this Jealousy of one Minute's Growth we see take Root before our Eyes, and so far from there being the smallest Progression in the several Actions of budding, blossoming, and bearing ripe Fruit, that we have the first and the last at one and the same Instant.

The extravagant Effects of the King's Rage and Jealousy are carried far enough in all Conscience in the Novel, and *Shakespear* is not a Whit more moderate; only he has altered a Circumstance which entirely destroys the little Probability the Novelist had preserved in the Relation.

In the Story, the King being in his own Mind firmly persuaded of the Queen's Guilt, orders her to be imprisoned, and the Daughter that she was delivered of in Prison to be burnt; at the Intreaties of his Courtiers he reverses

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the Sentence paſt on the Child, and commands it to be expoſed in a Boat, but declares that his Queen ſhall die.

She inſiſts upon being confronted with her Accuſers, whereupon ſhe is brought to a Tryal; but finding ſhe was likely to meet with no Juſtice in a Court over-ruled by the Power of her Huſband, ſhe on her Knees proteſts her Innocence, and intreats the King to conſult the Oracle of *Apollo* concerning the Crimes of which ſhe was accuſed. This ſo reaſonable a Requeſt being made in open Court, the King could not refuſe it, and therefore ſends Ambaſſadors to *Delphos*; who return with the Anſwer of the God; which being read, declares her Innocence, and the King is ſatisfied.

Shakeſpear makes the King in the Heighth of his Frenzy of Jealouſy ſend himſelf to the Oracle of *Apollo*, and in the mean Time commit the moſt barbarous Cruelties on his Queen and Child. How inconſiſtent is this! why does he conſult the Oracle if he is reſolved to proceed to Extremities before the Anſwer arrives? The Requeſt comes very naturally from the Queen in the Novel, and the King's Compliance with it is very well accounted for, but in the Play nothing can be more abſurd than that the King ſhould be reaſonable enough to conſult voluntarily the Gods concerning the Infidelity of his Wife; and while the Anſwer was expected, and her Guilt yet doubtful, puniſh her with as much Rigour as if the Oracle had declared her an Adultreſs. Here again

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again the paltry Story has the Advantage of the Play. Let us go on to examine a few more of the Incidents.

In the Novel, the Persons who perform the hateful Office of exposing the Infant Princess are some of the King's Guards.

In the Play, it is a Nobleman of high Rank, who had Courage enough to reprove the King for his violent and unjust Jealousy, yet basely submits to take an Oath to perform his Commands, though he had Reason to think they would not be very mild, and still more basely keeps that Oath, though it enjoins him to carry the innocent Babe to a Desert, and there leave it to the Mercy of the wild Beasts.

In the Novel, the Accidents that happen to the exposed Infant are governed by Chance; the Boat into which it was put being left in the midst of the Ocean, is driven by the Winds to the Coast of *Bohemia*, and being spied by a Shepherd is drawn to Land.

In the Play, *Antigonous*, who is bound by Oath to leave the Child in some desert Place quite out of its Father's Dominions, is warned in a Dream by its unhappy Mother to call the Infant *Perdita*, and carry it to *Bohemia*, and there leave it.

Antigonous obeys, and this done, it is absolutely necessary he should never return to *Sicily*, otherwise it may be discovered where the Princess is left, and all the future Adventures would fall to the Ground, therefore a Bear rushes out of the Woods and devours

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him; the good-natured Bear, as it should seem, resolved not to spoil the Story, passes by the little Princess, who is to make so great a Figure hereafter, and a convenient Storm arising, splits the Ship in which she was brought thither, so that all the Sailors perishing, though they were near enough the Shore to have saved themselves, no one is left to carry back any Account of the Affair to *Sicily*, and thereby prevent the Adventures which are to follow.

All this is very wonderful: *Shakespear* multiplies Miracle upon Miracle to bring about the same Events in the Play, which Chance, with much more Propriety, performs in the Novel.

The Loves of the young Prince of *Bohemia* and the royal Shepherdess are carried on much in the same Manner by the Poet as the Novelist; *Shakespear* has even borrowed some of the Thoughts from the latter in this Speech of *Florizel* to *Perdita*.

"The Gods themselves,
Humbling their Deities to Love, have taken
The Shapes of Beasts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a Bull, and bellow'd the Green.
Neptune
A Ram and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble Swain,
As I seem now. Their Transformations
Were never for a Piece of Beauty rarer,
Nor in a Way so chaste. Since my Desires
Run not before my Honour, nor my Lusts
Burn hotter than my Faith."

Doraſtus

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Doraſtus ſpeaks almoſt the ſame Words in the Novel, "The Gods themſelves have not diſdained to love: *Jupiter* was enamoured of *Danaë*, and the bright *Apollo* woo'd the inexorable *Daphne*; theſe were mortal Beauties, and they were Deities; why then, though a Prince, may not I love a Shepherdeſs, but their Paſſions were diſhonourable, mine is pure and chaſte, 'tis true, and herein I ſurpaſs the Gods; be ſtill then, O my Soul, for 'tis decreed, *Fawnia*, the adorable *Fawnia*, ſhall be mine."

The Eſcape of the two Lovers is very differently managed in the Novel and Play; in the firſt, the Prince being preſſed by his Father to marry, reſolves to leave *Sicily* with *Fawnia*, and fly into *Italy*, where he intended to live concealed till his Father's Death, or that he could reconcile him to his Marriage with the beautiful Shepherdeſs; having procured a Ship, and a ſufficient Quantity of Money and Jewels, he meets *Fawnia* early in the Morning and carries her to the Port, they embark, and ſteer their Courſe for *Italy*, but are driven by contrary Winds to *Bohemia*, where they are obliged to land.

In the Play, *Florizel* diſguiſed in the Habit of a Shepherd for the Sake of *Perdita*, aſſiſts at a Sheepſhearing Feaſt. The King, his Father, being informed of his Son's Reſort to the Houſe of a Shepherd, goes there diſguiſed with his Confidant, *Camillo*, and comes

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very opportunely to hear the Prince his Son declare his Passion for the Fair Shepherdess publicly, and his Intentions of marrying her; nay he carries his Indiscretion so far as to join Hands with her before all the Country People who are present; can any Thing be more absurd?

The King, sufficiently informed of his Son's Designs, discovers himself, and forbids the Bans: this is indeed a terrible Stroke; one would be puzzled to think how the Lovers will escape; for is it not natural to suppose that the enraged King will keep his Son in a strict Confinement to prevent this unequal Match; but it happens quite otherwise; for the King, after some severe Menaces, goes back to his Palace, and leaves his Son at Liberty to run away with the Country Girl, which he accordingly does.

The Part *Camillo* acts in this Affair is not more consistent; he longs to see again his old Master *Leontes* and his native Country *Sicilia*, which he had quitted to preserve *Polixenes*, and because this Monarch loved him so well that he could not bear his Absence, and gently denied him Permission to go, *Camillo* betrays the Confidence he reposed in him, consents to the Prince's Flight, and advises him to take Refuge in *Sicilia*, in Hopes that *Polixenes*, to whom he intended to discover where the Prince was gone, would follow him, and thus he might again return to his own Country.

This double Treachery and self-interested Views are very inconsistent with the Character of

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of so honest a Man as *Camillo* is represented to be; besides the Contrivance is absolutely ridiculous; for what Reason had the Prince to suppose that *Leontes*, who passionately desired to be reconciled to the King his Father, whom he had so greatly injured, would offend him anew by protecting his Son, who had fled from him in order to marry a poor Shepherdess, for he could not expect the Story, however he disguised it, would be long concealed from him; and why should *Camillo* suppose that *Polixenes*, when he was informed of his Son's Flight, would quit his Dominions to follow him, and put his Person again in the Power of a King who had once designed to murder him: was it not more likely that he would send Ambassadors to demand the Prince of *Leontes*, who would then have an Opportunity of shewing if his Penitence was sincere by sending him back again; but *Shakespear* has fallen into all these Absurdities in order to bring the chief Characters in his Play together at *Sicilia*, tho' for some of them there was not the least Occasion.

The several Incidents that lead to the Discovery of *Fawnia* are conducted with some Shadow of Probability in the Novel, but are much the worse for *Shakespear*'s Alterations.

In the Novel *Capnio*, the Prince's Confidant, as he is hastening after him to the Port, meets the Father of *Fawnia* going to Court,

and suspecting his Design, he artfully persuades him to follow him, and, partly by Stratagem, and partly by Force, carries him on board the Vessel in which the Prince and *Fawnia* were embarked; the old Man had taken with him when he left his House the Chain and Jewels he found with *Fawnia* in order to shew them to the King and relate the Manner in which he found her; but being prevented in this Design by *Capnio*, who obliged him to be the Companion of their Flight, he very prudently continues to conceal from *Fawnia* the Circumstance of her Birth; and, to secure to himself a respectful Treatment from the Prince and her, suffers her still to believe him her Father; but when at *Bohemia* the King of *Sicilia*'s Ambassadors discover who they are, and the old Shepherd and *Fawnia* are by the King of *Bohemia* ordered to be put to Death for deluding the Prince of *Sicily*, he then declares that *Fawnia* is not his Daughter, and produces the Chain and Jewels he found with her as Proofs that her Birth was not mean; the King at the Sight of these Tokens knows and acknowledges his Daughter.

Thus these Circumstances are altered by *Shakespear*.—The Prince having changed Cloaths with a cheating Pedlar, escapes with his Mistress to the Ship; the Pedlar immediately over-hears a Conversation between the reputed Father of *Perdita* and his Son, in which it is resolved that he shall carry the Jewels to the King and declare how he found *Perdita*; the Pedlar supposing it would be an

Advantage

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Advantage to the Prince to know this, decoys the old Shepherd and his Son aboard; now one would imagine that all must come out; but see what strange Accidents conspire to hinder it.

The Pedlar, though he over-heard the old Shepherd say that *Perdita* was a Foundling and not his Daughter, neglects to tell the Prince this important Circumstance, though it was with that very Design he came and forced the two Clowns along with him.

Perdita, though her Father and Brother are in the same Vessel with her, never sees or speaks to them; the old Shepherd and his Son make no Attempts to speak to her; and the Prince has so little Consideration for the Father and Brother of his Beloved that he takes no Notice of them; how wonderful is all this! the most unlikely Things imaginable fall out to postpone the Discovery of *Perdita* till their Arrival at *Sicily*.

The Novel makes the Wife of the jealous King die through Affliction for the Loss of her Son; *Shakespear* seems to have preserved her alive for the sake of her representing her own Statue in the last Scene; a mean and absurd Contrivance; for how can it be imagined that *Hermione*, a virtuous and affectionate Wife, would conceal herself during sixteen Years in a solitary House, though she was sensible that her repentant Husband was all that Time consuming

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ſuming away with Grief and Remorſe for her Death; and what Reaſon could ſhe have for chuſing to live in ſuch a miſerable Confinement, when ſhe might have been happy in the Poſſeſſion of her Huſband's Affection and have ſhared his Throne: how ridiculous alſo in a great Queen, on ſo intereſting an Occaſion, to ſubmit to ſuch Buffoonery as ſtanding on a Pedeſtal, motionleſs, her Eyes fixed, and at laſt to be conjured down by this magical Command of *Paulina*,

"Muſic, awake her; ſtrike;
'Tis Time, deſcend; be Stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with Marvel; Come
I'll fill your Grave; up ſtir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to Death your Numbneſs, for from him
Dear Life redeems you."

After this ſolemn Incantation, her Majeſty comes down from the Pedeſtal and embraces her Huſband, and her new found Daughter, for whoſe Sake ſhe declares ſhe had preſerved her Life.

To bring about this Scene, ridiculous as it is, *Shakeſpear* has been guilty of many Abſurdities, which would be too tedious to mention, and which are too glaring to eſcape the Obſervation of the moſt careleſs Reader.

The Novel has nothing in it half ſo low and improbable as this Contrivance of the Statue;

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Statue; and indeed wherever *Shakeſpear* has altered or invented, his *Winter's Tale* is greatly inferior to the old paltry Story that furniſhed him with the Subject of it.

Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, in his Edition of *Shakeſpear*, has this Note at the Beginning of the *Winter Tale*.

This Country, here called *Bithynia*, hath in all former Editions been printed *Bohemia*, an inland Kingdom, ſituated nearly in the Center of *Europe*; whereas many of the great Incidents of the Play turn upon its being a maritime Country, of which *Polixenes* was the King. This is a Blunder and an Abſurdity, of which *Shakeſpear* in Juſtice ought not to be thought capable, and as he hath turned quite anew the Story contained in the old paltry Book of *Dorastus* and *Fawnia*, changing moſt of the main Circumſtances, and all the Names of the Perſons; it is probable he removed this Impropriety, and placed the Scene in *Bithynia*; which the Ignorance and Negligence of the firſt Tranſcribers, or Printers, might corrupt and bring back again to *Bohemia*, by a leſs Variation in the Letters than they have been guilty of in numberleſs other Places of this Work.

Shakeſpear, in his Two Gentlemen of *Verona*, makes *Protheus* travel from *Verona* to *Milan* by Sea. Yet both thoſe Cities are inland, and both more than eighty Miles diſtant from the Sea. Unleſs this Blunder can be alſo charged upon the Tranſcribers, or Printers, 'tis reaſonable to ſuppoſe that *Shakeſpear*, who was guilty of the one, might be ſo of the other.

THE

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THE
MENÆCHMI.
A
COMEDY of *PLAUTUS.*
Translated from the *French*
OF
Monsieur GUEUDIVILLE.

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The PERSONS.

The PROLOGUE.

Menæchmus of *Epidamnum*, Son of *Moſchus* and *Theuſimarcha*, and Brother of *Soſicles*.
An old Man, Father of the Wife of *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*.
The Wife of *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*,
Erotia, the Miſtreſs of *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*.
Phyſician.
Peniculus, Paraſite of *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*.
A Servant of *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*.
Slaves.
Cylindrus, Cook to *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*, and *Erotia*.
Menæchmus Soſicles, Brother to *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*.
Meſſenion, Slave of *Menæchmus Soſicles*.

The EPILOGUE.

SCENE, *Epidamnum* in *Macedonia*.

PRO-

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PROLOGUE.

I Begin, Gentlemen, with telling you that I wish you all as well as myself; here is a Comedy of *Plautus* which I bring you, and intreat you will give it a favourable Attention; listen now to the Subject of the Play, and be silent, I shall endeavour to comprise it in as few Words as possible.

'Tis customary with Poets in their Comedies to make one believe that all passes at *Athens*, to the End that the Subject may appear entirely *Grecian*, and may be more esteemed by the Spectators; as for me I shall not pretend to say that what we are going to represent here to Day happened in any other Place than where it really did.

The Subject of this Piece is truly *Grecian*, yet notwithstanding that it is not *Attick*, but *Sicilian*, and what I have hitherto said is only the Introduction to it.

In explaining the Argument to you I shall not amuse myself with shewing you Patterns only, but present you with the whole Piece, for it is my Intention to be very full in the Exposition of this Intrigue.

There

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There was formerly at *Syracuse* a good plain simple Man, a Merchant by Profession, his Wife was delivered of two Sons at one Birth, who so perfectly resembled each other, that the Nurse who suckled them, and the Mother who bore them were not able to distinguish the one from the other. This I was told by a Person who saw them; for my own Part I never did see them, and I tell you so that you may not be deceived.

When these two Children arrived to the Age of seven Years, their Father took one of them with him on board a Vessel which he had loaded with Merchandize, and carried him to *Tarentum*, whither he went to trade, leaving the other at home with his Mother.

It happened that when they arrived at *Tarentum* they were celebrating Games, which as it is usual with public Spectacles, drew together great Numbers of People.

The little Boy straying from his Father was taken up by a Merchant of *Epidamnum*, who carried him into his own Country; the Father's Affliction for the Loss of his Son was so great that it deprived him of his Senses, and a few Days after of his Life.

This News being carried to *Syracuse*, the Grandfather of the two Children understanding that one of them was taken away at *Tarentum*, and that the Father was dead, changed the Name of his Grandson who remained with him, and gave him that of his Brother that was lost, whom he had loved extremely and was desirous of preserving the Remembrance of;

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of; he called him therefore *Menæchmus*, a Name that was common to himself as well as to the Twins.

This Circumstance I remember very well, having heard it proclaimed by the public Criers; and that you may avoid Mistakes, I inform you beforehand, that these twin Brothers have both the same Name.

But I must now return to *Epidamnum*: Is there any one among you who has Occasion for any Thing from that Country? If there be, he needs only to speak, and command me freely; however, he must understand, that it will be necessary to give me Money to enable me to perform his Commission; for to give me no Money would be a very great Folly, and to give me Money a still greater; I return then to the Place from whence I came; nevertheless, I do not budge from this Spot.

This Merchant of *Epidamnum*, of whom I have spoken so much, and who took away one of the twin Brothers, had no Children, but in every Thing else he was very rich; he adopted therefore the stolen Child; bred him up as his own Son; married him to a Woman with a large Fortune; and made a Will by which he left him his whole Estate: One Day, when he went into the Country, it rained violently, and being obliged to pass a very rapid River, not far from the City, the Force of the Stream carried away this Ra-

visher

visher of Children; and hurried him to the Furies in Spite of his Teeth.

Behold now the young Man established at *Epidamnum* in Possession of a great Fortune; his Brother brought up at *Syracuse*, is this Day arrived at *Epidamnum* with his Servant in Search of this other Brother; for this Reason the City of *Epidamnum* will be the Scene of this Comedy; when we play another the Scene also shall be changed; for you know the Subjects are not always the same; sometimes we play a Merchant of Slaves, sometimes a young Debauchee, sometimes a poor Man, a Beggar, a King, a Parasite, or a Fortune-teller.

THE

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THE

MENÆCHMI of *Plautus*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PENICULUS *the Paraſite.*

THE Name of *Peniculus*, which I bear, was given me by the young People of the City, becauſe when I am at Table I know ſo well how to make it clean. Thoſe Maſters who load their fugitive Slaves with Chains, are in my Opinion guilty of great Folly; for a poor Wretch who ſees a new Evil added to thoſe he ſuffered before is but the more incited to commit new Rogueries, and to avoid Puniſhment by Flight; theſe People never fail of extricating themſelves out of Difficulties: Sometimes they force open the Lock

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Lock with a File; sometimes they break the Hinges of the Door with a Stone; all the Precautions one takes with them are useless; the best Way to prevent a Servant from flying, is to attach them to one's self by good Nourishment; tye these Sort of Animals to a good Rack and give them Plenty of Provender, and take my Word for it they will not run away whatever Fault they have committed; they may be easily guarded if you make use of these Chains to retain them; the Ligaments of the Jaws are so pliant, that the more they are stretched the closer they may be drawn.

For a Proof of this I am going to the House of *Menæchmus* to get myself tyed in this Manner, and voluntary submit to a Sentence which has been long ago passed upon me; *Menæchmus* is a Man who not only feeds People well, but even gives them a new Birth and new-Life; he is the first Man in the World for performing wonderful Cures; he is blest with a noble Appetite himself; you would say that each of his Repasts is a Feast; so well he knows how to furnish a Table; there is nothing to be seen on all Sides but Pyramids of Dishes, so that if one wants any Thing from the other End of the Table, one is obliged to raise one's self quite up from the Bed to reach it.

I have been many Days absent from him, during which Time I have remained shut up at home with my dear little Family, for I cannot eat or drink any Thing that does not cost me very dear, therefore I am sometimes obliged to fast for Want of Money; I am now going to visit

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Menæchmus—but his Door opens—'tis himself who is coming out.

SCENE II.

MENÆCHMUS *of* Epidamnum. PENICULUS.

MENÆCHMUS *to his Wife (within.)*

If you were not foolish and unreasonable to the last Degree, you wou'd not have a Mind at once so stubborn and so weak; it ought to be sufficient that a Thing does not please your Husband to make it unpleasing also to you; but be assured, if you ever take the Liberties with me which you have just now done, I will send you back to your Father and never see you more: When I have an Inclination to go abroad, you always endeavour to detain me; call me back; enquire where I am going; what I intend to do; what Affairs I have to transact from home; what I want; what I carry out with me; what I do when I am out; in short, I have a Tutor instead of a Wife, to whom I am obliged to give an exact Account of all my Actions: I have hitherto had too much Indulgence for you, but do not imagine I will have it for the future; when I give you in Abundance whatever you can desire, Servants, Jewels, rich Cloaths, all your Wishes can aim at; you ought, if you were wise, to enjoy this Happiness, and cease to be continually watching your Husband; but that you may not do it to no Purpose this Time, I shall inform you myself that

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I deſign to have a Rendezvous with a Miſtreſs, and am now going to take her with me to Supper at an appointed Place.

PENICULUS.

This Man is perſuaded he has vexed his Wife heartily, when at the ſame Time it is I who ſuffer; for if he ſups abroad, I ſhall be diſappointed, and not his Wife.

MENÆCHMUS.

Moſt glorious Triumph! my Noiſe has obliged my Wife to retire: Where are the intriguing Huſbands? why come they not in Crouds to load me with Preſents, and congratulate me on my Dexterity in drawing myſelf out of Difficulties? I have contrived to take away this Robe from my Wife, and am going to carry it to my Miſtreſs; 'tis thus we ought to treat thoſe inquiſitive Dames who are continually prying into all our Affairs: Yes; I am ready to prove to any one who ſhall deny it, that this Exploit of mine is fine, equitable, pleaſant, and cunningly performed; at my own Expence I have robb'd one wicked Woman to make a Preſent to another who is quite as bad; I have at leaſt, however, the Glory and Pleaſure of ſpoiling my Enemies to enrich my Allies.

PENICULUS.

But pray tell me, *Menæchmus*, what Share of the Spoil have you deſtin'd for me?

ME-

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MENÆCHMUS.

Ah! Wretch that I am! I am loſt! I am fallen into an Ambuſcade.

PENICULUS.

No, no, quite the contrary; you have met with a Reinforcement.

MENÆCHMUS.

Who is there?

PENICULUS.

'Tis I.

MENÆCHMUS.

Oh! the moſt convenient, the moſt favourable of all my Friends! good Morrow, *Peniculus*.

PENICULUS.

Good Morrow, incomparable Patron.

MENÆCHMUS.

Well, what News haſt thou to tell me?

PENICULUS.

Delightful Meeting! I hold my tutelary Genius by the Hand.

MENÆCHMUS.

Thou could'ſt never have come more conveniently.

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PENICULUS.

'Tis my Custom; I never fail to present myself in the most seasonable Moments.

MENÆCHMUS.

Are you desirous of hearing a noble Exploit?

PENICULUS.

Who is the Cook that has prepared the Meats? Shew me, if you please, what remains, I shall then be able to judge if he has succeeded well or ill.

MENÆCHMUS.

Tell me, hast thou never seen painted in *Fresco* upon Walls the Rape of *Ganymede* by the Eagle of *Jupiter*, who was in Love with the fair Boy; or that of the charming *Adonis* by *Venus* whose Heart he had conquered?

PENICULUS.

One sees nothing else every where; but pray what are these Pictures to me? Alas! these Things are the least of my Concerns.

MENÆCHMUS.

Look on me well; whom do you think I perfectly resemble?

PENICULUS.

What Sort of Dress is this that you appear in?

ME-

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MENÆCHMUS.

Confeſs to me that my Mien is excellent, and that in this Dreſs I appear to great Advantage.

PENICULUS.

Where ſhall we ſup?

MENÆCHMUS.

Anſwer my Queſtion firſt.

PENICULUS.

You are in the Right, therefore I ſay you are one of the handſomeſt Men in the World.

MENÆCHMUS.

Haſt thou not Courage enough to add ſomething of thine own?

PENICULUS.

Certainly, I ſay then, that you are a moſt agreeable Man.

MENÆCHMUS.

Go on, go on.

PENICULUS.

No, by my Faith, I will not go on unleſs you tell me the Matter. Oh! well thought on, you have quarrelled with your Wife, pray tell me the Occaſion of your Diſpute.

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MENÆCHMUS.

Where ſhall we find a Sepulchre, where, unknown to my Wife, we may bury the Day in ſupping voluptuouſly?

PENICULUS.

Let us go then, nothing can be better ſpoken, we will light the Funeral Pile wherever you pleaſe; there is no Time to be loſt, for the Day is already half dead.—

MENÆCHMUS.

But while thou trifleſt away the Time in ſpeaking to me, thy own Happineſs is delayed, ought not the Pile to be already on Fire?

PENICULUS.

Menæchmus, thruſt out this Eye, tho' it is the only one I have, I am ſo preſt with Hunger that I will not open my Mouth to ſpeak a ſingle Word unleſs you command me.

MENÆCHMUS.

Come farther from my Door?

PENICULUS.

I obey.

MENÆCHMUS.

Come yet nearer to me?

PENICULUS.

Moſt willingly.

ME-

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MENÆCHMUS.

How hard it is to make thee leave that Side? Retire, I ſay to thee, from the Den of that Lion.

PENICULUS.

By the Temple of *Pollux!* I think you would make an excellent Jockey, a dextrous Leader of Horſes.

MENÆCHMUS.

Why pray?

PENICULUS.

You look back every Moment to ſee if your Wife does not follow you.

MENÆCHMUS.

What is that thou ſay'ſt?

PENICULUS.

Me, Sir! I ſay whatever you pleaſe; to all your Affirmatives, I ſay, Yes; to all your Negatives I ſay, No. I have the Honour to be your Eccho, both pro and con.

MENÆCHMUS.

When thou ſmelleſt any Thing, art thou able to gueſs what Sort of Odour it is that affects thy Senſe? haſt thou a delicate Noſe?

PENICULUS.

Ah! in ſuch a Caſe I my ſingle Self can divine better than the whole College of Augurs together.

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MENÆCHMUS.

Well, then, apply thy Noſtrils to this Robe, which I carry under my Cloak: Smell it as thou ſhouldſt; well what Scent has it? why do'ſt thou pauſe?

PENICULUS.

One muſt ſmell the top of a Woman's Habit, for it is from that Place the Noſe is affected with a Scent one can never get rid of afterwards.

MENÆCHMUS.

Pleaſant *Peniculus*, ſmell it here then? why doſt thou turn aſide?

PENICULUS.

Not without Reaſon, faith.

MENÆCHMUS.

What Reaſon? what does it ſmell of—Anſwer me.

PENICULUS.

It ſmells of three Things at once, Theft, a Whore, and a ſumptuous Repaſt.

MENÆCHMUS.

I am going from hence to carry it to *Erotia*, my Miſtreſs, and will order her at the ſame Time to get a Supper prepared for herſelf, for thee, and me, and when we are ſeated at Table, we will protract the Debauch even till the riſing of the Morning Sta.

PENICULUS.

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PENICULUS.

You ſpeak like an Oracle! ſhall I knock at the Door?

MENÆCHMUS.

Knock—but ſtay—ſtay a little.

PENICULUS.

S'death Sir, how long will you delay the ſublime Pleaſure of eating and drinking?

MENÆCHMUS.

Knock then—but knock ſoftly.

PENICULUS.

Sure you think that this Door is made of Glaſs.

MENÆCHMUS.

Hold—hold I conjure you by *Hercules*; ſee my Charmer herſelf, comes out of her Houſe to meet us.———

PENICULUS.

Look one Moment at the Sun I beſeech you, ſee how the Luſtre of that glorious Luminary is obſcured in the Preſence of this divine Perſon.

SCENE III.

EROTIA, PENICULUS, and MENÆCHMUS.

EROTIA.

Good-morrow *Menæchmus*, my deareſt and moſt valued Lover.

PENICULUS.

And pray what am I?

EROTIA.

You are not one of my Troop.

PENICULUS.

Treat me at leaſt as a Soldier in the Corps de Reſerve, who is in Time to fill up the Place of another.

MENÆCHMUS.

Give Orders to have every Thing made ready for the Battle I deſign to have to Day at your Houſe?

EROTIA.

I ſhall not fail.

MENÆCHMUS.

He and I will drink valiantly in this Battle; thou ſhalt judge which of us two Soldiers ſhews moſt Courage in emptying the Glaſſes; for it belongs to thee, as our General, to conduct the Army; conſider alſo with what Champion thou wilt enter the Liſts this Night. Ah! my Love, how I hate my Wife when I look upon thee, ſhe becomes inſupportable to me.

EROTIA.

Nevertheleſs you cannot refrain from having ſomething of hers about you; nay, you even wear her Cloaths. What Ornament is this pray that you wear on your Body?

ME-

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MENÆCHMUS.

It formerly belonged to my Wife, but now 'tis thine, my fair one.

EROTIA.

If you go on at this Rate, my Love, you will certainly march at the Head of my amorous Troop, and be preferred to all thoſe to whom I ſell my pleaſurable Nights.

PENICULUS.

A Curtezan, when ſhe ſees the Prey ready to fall into her Hands, will not give herſelf Time to flatter and careſs; but if you loved *Menæchmus*, Madam, you would already have ſnatched away half of his Noſe with the Eagerneſs of your Kiſſes.

MENÆCHMUS.

Hold my Cloak, *Peniculus*, while I perform the Vow I have made, and conſecrate theſe Spoils to my Goddeſs.

PENICULUS.

Give it me, but before you pull off the Robe, let us ſee you dance in it as I do, dance I conjure you in the Name of the great *Hercules!*

MENÆCHMUS.

Me, doſt thou bid dance. By the ſaid great *Hercules!* I believe thou art mad.

PENICULUS.

If I am mad, certainly you are not much

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wiſer; however pull off the Robe then, ſince you will not dance.

MENÆCHMUS.

I have ſtolen this Robe to Day, but not without expoſing myſelf to great Danger; *Hercules*, in my Opinion, undertook a leſs hazardous Enterprize when he forced the Girdle from *Hippolita*, the Queen of the *Amazons*, than I did in robbing my Wife of this Habit, receive it from my Hands, my dear *Erotia*, 'tis yours, and you deſerve it, ſince you are the only Woman in the World that has that Sweetneſs and Complacency, which I expect in the Perſon I love; 'tis thus that thoſe whoſe Hearts are truly ſubjected ought to make known their Tenderneſs for the beloved Object.

PENICULUS.

Yes, thoſe who deſire to ruin themſelves, and ride Poſt to the Hoſpital and Beggary.

MENÆCHMUS.

'Tis a Year ſince I bought this Robe for my Wife, it coſt me four Minæ.

PENICULUS.

And ſo there are four Minæ thrown away.

MENÆCHMUS.

Doſt thou know my Charmer what I expect from thee.

EROTIA.

Tell me, and your Will ſhall be exactly performed.

ME-

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MENÆCHMUS.

Give Orders then for a great Repaſt to be prepared at thy Houſe, there will be only us three, do not delay to ſend to the Market, for whatever can be found there the moſt delicate, but above all don't forget to have ſome Pigs Cheeks, a Ham, a Lamb's Head, and Hogs Puddings, and ſuch other delicious Meats, as may when well ſeaſoned excite a voracious Appetite. But the Buſineſs muſt be done immediately.

EROTIA.

By *Venus* there ſhall be nothing wanting, depend upon it you ſhall have all you deſire.

MENÆCHMUS.

We will go to the public Square, we will not ſtay long, and at our Return we will ſeek in the Bottle for Patience till Dinner is ready.

EROTIA.

Return when you pleaſe, my Love, you ſhall find every Thing ready.

MENÆCHMUS.

Let it be done then with all poſſible Diligence—Will you come *Peniculus* ?

PENICULUS.

That I will by *Hercules !* I will follow you, I will accompany you, I will watch you carefully, I would not leave you a Moment for the World.

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World. What a Fool ſhou'd I be if I did, when the Fortune of a God awaits me.

EROTIA.

Who is there, ſome of you bid *Cylindrus*, my Cook, come hither—There is not a Moment to loſe, do you hear there.

SCENE IV.

EROTIA, CYLINDRUS.

EROTIA.

Take a Baſket and ſome Money, thou haſt three Crowns, haſt thou not?

CYLINDRUS.

Yes, Madam, I have.

EROTIA.

Go then to Market, and buy proviſion to make an excellent Repaſt; but without Prodigality, I tell you before hand there are but three.

CYLINDRUS.

With Submiſſion, Madam, who are theſe three?

EROTIA.

Menæchmus, his Paraſite, and me.

CYLINDRUS.

You increaſe the Number by ſeven, for the Paraſite himſelf will eat as much as eight Perſons, ſo I reckon there will be ten at Table.

EROTIA.

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EROTIA.

I have named the Gueſts, do you take Care of the reſt.

CYLINDRUS.

Look upon all as already done, you may ſit down to Table when you will.

EROTIA.

Don't trifle away the Time.

CYLINDRUS.

I will return in a Moment.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, MESSENION his Slave.

MENÆCHMUS.

IN my Opinion, my dear *Meſſenion*, theſe Sea-fearing Men know no greater Pleaſure in the World than when after a long Voyage, they firſt diſcover Land.

MESSENION.

With Submiſſion, Sir, I think the Pleaſure is ſtill more ſenſibly felt by thoſe who after a tedious Abſence from their own Country behold again the well known Port, and are ready to touch the Shore: But tell me, I beſeech you, Sir, what are we come to do here at *Epidamnum*, are you reſolved to imitate the Sea, and go round all the Iſlands?

MENÆCHMUS.

We are come hither in Search of a Brother, a Twin Brother, whom I look upon as one half of myſelf.

MES-

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MESSENION.

But what do you imagine will be the Iſſue of this Search, 'tis now ſix Years ſince we have wandered on the Sea in a vain Expectation of finding him; we have ſailed round all *Iſtria*, *Spain*, the Country of the *Maſſilia* and *Illyria*, we have overrun all the *Adriatic* Sea, *barbarous Greece*, and all the Coaſts of *Italy* that are waſhed by the Ocean? Had we been ſeeking for a Needle in a Bundle of Hay we ſhould have found it by this Time, provided it was not inviſible. In vain do we hope to find a dead Man amongſt the Living, for if he were ſtill in Being, ſhou'd we not have met with ſome one e'er now who cou'd have given ſome Intelligence of him?

MENÆCHMUS.

I am determin'd never to give over my Search till I have found my Brother, or met with ſome Perſon, who having known him, can certainly inform me that he is dead. This pining Anxiety will then be at an End, and I will return to *Syracuſe*; but till I have that Satisfaction, while Life animates this Body I will not ceaſe to wander about the World, and ſeek him every where; too ſenſibly do I feel the Force of fraternal Affection to quit eaſily the Hope of ſeeing my Brother again.

MESSENION.

Truly, Sir, you deſire what can never poſſibly happen; in good Faith we wou'd do much better to return home, unleſs you deſign to write a Hiſtory of the whole Earth.

ME-

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MENÆCHMUS.

No more of these satyrical Speeches, good Sir, but beware of drawing my Anger upon thee, and do not imagine thou can'st oblige me by thy Importunities to follow thy impertinent Councils.

MESSENION.

How well, Sir, do you remind me that I am a Slave, you have said a great deal in very few Words, nothing cou'd be more clearly expreſt, nevertheleſs it cannot prevent me from telling you my Thoughts.

Vouchsafe, Sir, to favour me with a Moment's Attention. When I examine our Purse, when I count the Pieces that are in it, by my Faith, Sir, I find we have not sufficient to maintain us much longer; 'tis light, very light by *Hercules!* Therefore if you do not make Haste home 'tis probable you may soon see it empty, and instead of finding your Brother, you will yourself fall into the Jaws of Necessity and Misery. For you must know, Sir, the People of *Epidamnum* practise but little the Virtue of Hospitality; they are a voluptuous People, and immoderately addicted to Drinking. This City is full of Slanderers and Flatterers, Men without Justice and Probity; there are here also a great Number of Courtezans, who, as 'tis said, are the most alluring, and most dangerous of all that ever practised the Trade. In a Word, this City is called *Epidamnum* for this Reason, that every Stranger who enters it is damned.

ME-

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MENÆCHMUS.

'Tis fit then that I ſhou'd be cautious, and look about me. Give me my Purſe?

MESSENION.

What will you do with it?

MENÆCHMUS.

What you have juſt now ſaid fills me with Fear.

MESSENION.

And what is it you fear pray?

MENÆCHMUS.

That you may play me ſome damned Trick in *Epidamnum*, for I know thou art a great Debauchee, *Meſſenion*, and art curſedly fond of Women. Now I am eaſily excited to Anger, and in thoſe Moments I am no longer Maſter of myſelf. Therefore by keeping my Money in my own Poſſeſſion, I ſhall guard againſt two Inconveniencies. Thou wilt not have it in thy Power to be guilty of any Extravagances, and conſequently I ſhall not have any Cauſe to be angry with thee.

MESSENION.

Very well, Sir, there is your Purſe, keep it yourſelf, that I may be as chaſte as a Veſtal, and you as peaceable as a Lamb.

SCENE

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SCENE II.

CYLINDRUS, MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, MESSENION.

CYLINDRUS.

I have bought Provision sufficient to make an excellent Repast for my three Guests, a Repast worthy of my superior Skill in Cookery, but what do I see! *Menæchmus* at our Door already, woe to my poor Shoulders! the Eaters are ready to set down to Table before I am returned from Market with the Victuals that I am to dress for them, I must speak to him? Good-morrow Mr. *Menæchmus*.

MENÆCHMUS.

Now the Gods bless thee, Fellow, dost thou know me?

CYLINDRUS.

Know you, Sir! a pleasant Question by *Hercules!* where are your Companions?

MENÆCHMUS.

My Companions, whom dost thou mean Friend?

CYLINDRUS.

Your Parasite, for Example.

MENÆCHMUS.

My Parasite, the Fellow is certainly mad.

MES-

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MESSENION.

Did I not tell you, Sir, this City was full of Sharpers?

MENÆCHMUS.

Pray, young Man, who is this Paraſite thou talkeſt of?

CYLINDRUS.

Peniculus.

MESSENION.

* Oh! I have it here ſafe in my Portmantua.

CYLINDRUS.

You come in good Time, Sir, for Dinner, I am juſt returned from the Market, where I have bought what will make a delicious Repaſt.

MENÆCHMUS.

Anſwer me, young Man, at what Price do they ſell here the white Hogs that are deſtined for Sacrifices?

CYLINDRUS.

They are a Crown a Piece.

* *Cylindrus* is ſurprized at not ſeeing the Paraſite, *Peniculus*, with *Menæchmus*, whom he takes for the *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*, and aſks where he is, *Meſſenion* replies, he has it ſafe in his Portmantua: The Equivocation is pleaſant enough, *Cylindrus* ſpeaks of a Man, *Meſſenion* affects to believe he means a Bruſh, for that Inſtrument was in *Latin* call'd, *Peniculus*, from *Penis*, or *Cauda*, a Tail, it being generally made of one.

ME-

MENÆCHMUS.

See, here is a Crown, which I will give thee on Condition that thou wilt purchaſe with it one of thoſe Hogs, and let it be offered for thy Cure; for whoever thou art, 'tis certain thou art mad to importune in this Manner, a Man with whom thou art not acquainted.

CYLINDRUS.

I am *Cylindrus*, don't you know my Name?

MENÆCHMUS.

What is thy Name to me, go about thy Buſineſs, I ſolemnly declare I know thee not, and what is more, I do not deſire to know thee.

CYLINDRUS.

However, Sir, I have the Honour to know you, your Name is *Menæchmus*, I think?

MENÆCHMUS.

Ay, now thou ſpeakeſt like a Man in thy Senſes, that is indeed my Name, but where is it thou haſt ſeen me before?

CYLINDRUS.

Ah! mighty well, where have I ſeen you, you who are a Lover of *Erotia*, my fair Miſtreſs.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules* I am not in Love with any Woman, nor do I know who thou art.

CYLIN-

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CYLINDRUS.

Strange! how can you ſay ſo? is it not I who ſo often fill your Glaſs when you are merry at our Houſe.

MESSENION.

Oh! that I had a good Cudgel in my Hand that I might break the Head of this Fellow.

MENAECHMUS.

And ſo you often fill my Glaſs you ſay, I who am but this Moment arrived at *Epidamnum*, and was never here before in my Life.

CYLINDRUS.

Is it poſſible you can with a good Conſcience deny what I ſay?

MENAECHMUS.

Deny it! yes, by *Hercules!* do I.

CYLINDRUS.

And perhaps you will deny alſo that that Houſe yonder is not yours, and that you do not actually dwell in it?

MENAECHMUS.

May the Gods confound all the Males and Females that dwell in it, I ſay.

CYLINDRUS.

Certainly this Gentleman's Brain is cracked, or he would not curſe himſelf in this terrible Manner? hark, Sir,

ME-

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MENAECHMUS.

What woud'ſt thou?

CYLINDRUS.

Take my Word for it, Sir, your Brain is a little diſordered, you would do well with that Crown you promiſed me ſome Time ago, to buy a Hog for an expiatory Sacrifice for yourſelf, for by *Hercules!* Mr. *Menæchmus*, you are certainly under the Influence of an evil Spirit, to curſe thus, and ſport with the Anger of the Gods.

MENAECHMUS.

Deteſtable Raſcal, how he plagues me!

CYLINDRUS.

Ha! faith he is in one of his pleaſant Humours, he often jeſts and diverts himſelf with me, for provided his Wife be not with him, he is always in good Spirits, and rallies incomparably.

MENAECHMUS.

What is that thou ſay'ſt?

CYLINDRUS.

Faith I know not what to ſay, you puzzle me ſo confoundedly, here, look into this Baſket if you pleaſe, Sir, do you think I have bought Proviſion ſufficient for you three, will what I have here make a Repaſt good enough for you, your Paraſite, and your Miſtreſs.

ME-

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MENAECHMUS.

What Paraſite, what Miſtreſs do you talk of, Fellow?

MESSENION.

What Fury excites thee to torment this Gentleman as thou doſt?

CYLINDRUS.

Pray what Buſineſs have you with me? I know not who you are, ſuffer me to ſpeak, without being interrupted by you, to this Gentleman, whom I know very well, and to whom I have the Honour to be known.

MENAECHMUS.

By the Temple of *Pollux!* Fellow, thou art mad, I know not if thou wert always ſo, but at preſent thou art abſolutely mad, that's certain.

CYLINDRUS.

Good Sir, jeſt no longer, I beſeech you, I am going to dreſs all theſe good Things, and put them by an excellent Seaſoning into a fit State to be devoured. I aſſure you, Sir, all ſhall be ready in a little Time, therefore do not go far from the Door, but walk here near the Fumes of the Kitchen. Have you any Commands to your Venus?

MENAECHMUS.

I command thee to go hang thyſelf?

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CYLINDRUS.

But by *Hercules!* I think you would do better to come in, and ſeat yourſelf at Table, and drink a few Bumpers while I prepare your Dinner, pray do Sir.—Nay, if you won't I can't help it.—I'll go in myſelf and inform Madam *Erotia* that you are here, perhaps ſhe will prevail upon you to come into the Houſe and divert yourſelf; you will paſs your Time much better there than here.

MENAECHMUS.

I am at laſt delivered from this Madman, by *Pollux*, this Beginning ſeems to be no bad Proof of what you told me of theſe Impoſtors of *Epidamnum*.

MESSENION.

Be upon your Guard then, Sir, 'tis abſolutely neceſſary, for by what I can underſtand from this Fool, the Miſtreſs he talks of is certainly a Courtezan.

MENAECHMUS.

But how ſhould he know my Name, I am really ſurprized at it?

MESSENION.

By *Hercules* there is nothing ſurprizing in it; you are not acquainted with the Arts of theſe Courtezans; when any foreign Veſſels arrive, they ſend their Slaves to the Port to obſerve the Paſſengers that come aſhore, when they ſee a young Man who ſeems fit for their Purpoſe

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Purpoſe they enquire his Name, his Family, and Country; they accoſt him, flatter, and ſooth him, and draw him ſo dextrouſly into their Snares, that he is loſt in Love before he enters the City: Ah! Sir, we are certainly attacked by a pirate Veſſel, of which we have good Reaſon to be afraid.

MENAECHMUS.

By *Jupiter* thy Advice ſeems to be juſt and reaſonable.

MESSENION.

I ſhall be convinced that you think ſo, if I ſee you take all thoſe neceſſary and prudent Meaſures, which may prevent your daſhing yourſelf againſt this dangerous Rock.

MENAECHMUS.

Favour me with a Moment's Silence I beſeech you, the Door opens, let us ſee who comes out?

MESSENION.

With your Leave then, I will diſcharge myſelf of this heavy Burden, here you Rowers, who are the Feet of your Veſſels, take it to your Care.

SCENE III.

EROTIA, CYLINDRUS, MENAECHMUS SOCICLES, MESSENION.

EROTIA. *Speaking to her Servants within.*

Leave the Door open, go, I do not want

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your Attendance, take Care to make every Thing ready within Doors; you *Cylindrus*, perform your Part well, and you Girls, prepare the Couches for the Table, burn the Perfumes, that my Lovers may be diſſolved in Luxury and Eaſe, and nothing may be wanting to compleat the Voluptuouſneſs of the Feaſt. Magnificence and Pleaſures ruin our Gallants, but enrich us. But where is this teizing Man, who my Cook tells me is walking before my Door: Oh! I ſee him, the moſt generous, the moſt agreeable of all my Lovers, how much am I obliged to him for the Preſents he is continually beſtowing on me, I will treat him as I ought, with all the Diſtinction due to his Merit, and give him the Preference to all my other Lovers, 'tis fit I accoſt and ſpeak to him firſt. My Love, what doſt thou here? why doſt not come into my Houſe? thou who art more welcome to it than to thine own, nay, 'tis more thine than mine, for thou art Maſter both of it and me; every Thing is ready according to thy Order, all is prepared, every Wiſh ſhall be gratified, Dinner is ſerved, there is nothing to hinder thee from placing thyſelf at Table.

MENAECHMUS.

To whom does this Woman think ſhe is ſpeaking?

EROTIA.

Certainly to you, my Dear.

ME-

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MENAECHMUS.

Have we ever had the leaſt Occaſion to ſpeak to each other before, pray where did our Acquaintance firſt commence?

EROTIA.

Venus, my tutelary Deity, deſirous of making me happy, brought thee firſt in my Way, thee whom I love more than the whole Race of Mankind beſides, and by the Temple of *Caſtor*, in preferring thee to all other Men, I do thee but Juſtice, for 'tis to thy Liberalities alone that I am indebted for all the Pleaſures I enjoy.

MENAECHMUS.

Certainly, *Meſſenion*, this Woman is either mad, or her Senſes much diſordered by Wine, that without knowing me, or having ever ſeen me before, ſhe ſpeaks to me as to the beſt Friend ſhe has in the World.

MESSENION.

Did I not foretel all this wou'd happen, Sir? ah! I knew it well, there is nothing more common here, 'tis the Leaves only at preſent which are falling on you, but if we ſtay here three Days longer, mark my Prediction, you will be cruſh'd by the Trees themſelves. The Courtezans in this City have a wonderful Addreſs, a charming Dexterity in emptying Purſes, but with your Leave I'll venture to attack her myſelf. Good-morrow, Madam, will you permit me to ſpeak a few Words to you?

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EROTIA.

Very willingly, what have you to ſay to me?

MESSENION,

I deſire much to know where you have been acquainted with this Gentleman?

EROTIA.

Here at *Epidamnum*, we have been long acquainted.

MESSENION.

At *Epidamnum*, you ſay you have been long acquainted with him, but how in the Name of the Furies can this be? ſince he but this Day arrived at *Epidamnum*, and was never here before.

EROTIA.

Pooh, this is only to divert yourſelf, we will purſue this Jeſt within. Come, my dear *Menæchmus*, let us go into the Houſe, we ſhall be more at our Eaſe there.

MENAECHMUS.

By the Temple of *Pollux* this Woman knows my Name! I am aſtoniſh'd, how cou'd this happen?

MESSENION.

The Trull has a good Noſe, ſhe has ſmelt your Purſe already, you ſhou'd have left it to my Care.

ME-

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MENAECHMUS.

Faith thou art in the right, I have been guilty of great Folly in taking the Charge of the Money upon myſelf, here take it again, and now I ſhall ſee whether the Purſe or my Perſon is the Object of her Love.

EROTIA.

Come my Love, let us go in, the Repaſt is ready?

MENAECHMUS.

Certainly no Invitation was ever more agreeable; however, Madam, be pleaſed to accept my Thanks for your kind Offer, and diſpence with me from accepting of it.

EROTIA.

Since it is ſo, why did you order a great Repaſt to be prepared?

MENAECHMUS.

I! have I order'd it?

EROTIA.

Yes, you; nothing is more certain than that you ordered a delicate Repaſt for yourſelf and your Paraſite.

MENAECHMUS.

What Paraſite? s'death, how the Woman raves!

EROTIA.

Your Paraſite, *Peniculus*.

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MENAECHMUS.

Who is this *Peniculus*, this Spunge, this Bruſh to clean Shoes?

EROTIA.

I proteſt you counterfeit Ignorance perfectly well; this *Peniculus* then is one who affords you a great deal of Amuſement; this *Peniculus* is in Body and Soul the ſame identical Perſon that was with you when you brought me the Robe that you had ſecretly ſtolen from your Wife.

MENAECHMUS.

Very convincing, by *Jupiter*, what will ſhe not invent at laſt! ſo I have robb'd my Wife of a Robe and preſented it to you; ſeriouſly, Madam, your Head is a little touch'd, or like a Gelding, you ſleep ſtanding.

EROTIA.

What Pleaſure can you find in making me your Jeſt? will you pretend to deny what paſs'd before as many Witneſſes as are preſent at this Inſtant?

MENAECHMUS.

Explain yourſelf more clearly, what is it that I deny?

EROTIA.

That you have given me to Day a Robe of your Wife's.

ME-

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MENÆCHMUS.

And that I deny again, and will always deny it, I never had a Wife, and Thanks to the Gods, I have none at present. I never in my whole Life entered any House in *Epidamnum*; I never was in the City, I have dined in my Ship, and was but just come on Shore when I met you here.

EROTIA.

Oh! *Venus*, how wretched am I! what Ship do you speak of?

MENÆCHMUS.

A Ship made of Wood, which for a long Time has been under Sail. Sails, casts Anchor, is refitted, and has received many Blows with a Hammer; 'tis exactly like the Working Place of a Skinner, one Stake stands near another.

EROTIA.

Cease to torment me with this idle Raillery, come in I conjure thee, I begin to grow impatient, no more of this Jest, but give me your Hand and come in with me.

MENÆCHMUS.

Believe me, Madam, I'm not the Person whom you seek, you take me for another.

EROTIA.

Do I not know you well? are you not *Menæchmus*, the Son of *Moschus*? is it not

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ſaid that you was born at *Syracuſe*, in *Sicily*? where *Agathocles* reign'd, after him *Pinthia*, then *Linaro*, who at his Death left the Kingdom to *Hicron*, who is now upon the Throne.

MENÆCHMUS.

All this, Madam, is very true.

MESSENION.

Oh! *Jupiter*, this Woman certainly came from your Country, ſhe knows you ſo perfectly.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules!* I cannot contradict, or refuſe her any longer.

MESSENION.

Ah! Sir, what do I hear? take Care how you give Way to this Inclination, if you once enter her Houſe you are a loſt Man.

MENÆCHMUS.

I will not let ſo favourable an Occaſion eſcape me, be ſilent then I command thee, I am reſolved to acquieſce in all ſhe ſays; there is no great Matter in lying a little when it will procure me a good Inn, where the Entertainment ſhall coſt me nothing. Madam, I have oppoſed every Thing you ſaid a long Time, but it was through Fear that my Servant wou'd diſcover the Affair of the Robe and Repaſt to my Wife; now, if you pleaſe, I will go in with you.

EROTIA.

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EROTIA.

I am ſatisfied, and pardon you for your Malice in tormenting me thus long. But tell me, do you wait here for your Paraſite?

MENÆCHMUS.

I do not wait for him, I have no Inclination to ſee him, and if he comes I ſhou'd be glad you wou'd not permit him to enter.

EROTIA.

By *Venus!* I'll obey you willingly, but I have one Favour to intreat of you?

MENÆCHMUS.

Speak, my Queen, command me freely, what is it you wou'd have me do?

EROTIA.

I wou'd have this fine Robe you have given me, carried to the Workman to be made fit for my Shape, and to have ſome little Ornaments of my own Taſte and Invention added to it.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules!* the Deſign is excellent, go, my Dear, I ſee you don't want Prudence; the Robe will by this means appear entirely new, and if even my Wife ſhou'd ſee it ſhe will not be able to know it again.

EROTIA.

Oblige me then by taking it to the Work-

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man yourself when you go from hence, you promise me to do so, don't you, my Love?

MENÆCHMUS.

Look upon it as already done, I give thee my Word of Love to perform it.

EROTIA.

Let us go in then.

MENÆCHMUS.

Do then, step in my Fair, I'll follow thee immediately, I must speak one Word to my Servant. *Massenion*—come hither.

MESSENION.

Your Pleasure, Sir?

MENÆCHMUS.

Softly, I have a Desire to know?

MESSENION.

What?

MENÆCHMUS.

I must.

MESSENION.

What must you?

MENÆCHMUS.

The Business is begun.

MESSENION.

What Business?

Mr.

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MENÆCHMUS.

Well, well, I know thou woud'ſt be giving me Advice.

MESSENION.

And I know you value it but little.

MENÆCHMUS.

The Beaſt is taken I tell thee, I hold my Prey in my Hand, how dexterouſly have I managed her? I am going to give a Looſe to Mirth, in the mean Time thou and thy Companions go to ſome Inn, and before Night return and fetch me.

MESSENION.

Ah, Sir! you know not theſe Courtezans, believe me, you wou'd do much better to follow my Council.

MENÆCHMUS.

Be ſilent, I ſay to thee, if I am guilty of any Folly 'tis my Self that will ſuffer, this is no Buſineſs of thine, by what I have obſerved this Woman is very ſilly, and eaſily impoſed upon, 'tis ſhe, and not I that will be the Dupe.

MESSENION.

Ah! I die, he is loſt.

MENÆCHMUS.

Why doſt thou not go?

MES-

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MESSENION.

I fly Sir? Ah! my Maſter is plunging himſelf into an Abyſs, from whence he will never come out; 'tis ſo, the Pirate's Veſſel carries off our Barque at laſt, but I am a Fool to pretend to govern my Maſter—Have I forgot my Duty, he bought me for his Slave, not for his Governor, let me remember that, follow me Boys, I muſt come back in good Time to fetch my Maſter.

End of the Second Act.

ACT

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

PENICULUS.

DURING theſe thirty Years, which I have lived, I have never been guilty of ſo wicked, ſo unhappy an Action as this Day; my cruel Deſtiny led me into an Aſſembly, where, while I loſt my Time in gaping and ſtaring about me, *Menæchmus* eſcaped me. Ah! without Doubt he is gone to the Houſe of his Miſtreſs, and was not willing that I ſhou'd accompany him, and be a Witneſs of his Pleaſures: May the Gods pour down their fierceſt Wrath upon him who firſt introduced Aſſemblies, and thereby hindered People who have important Affairs upon their Hands from purſuing their Buſineſs. Aſſemblies ought only to be compoſed of indolent and idle Perſons, ſuch ought to be ſummoned to appear, and when they don't obey, be puniſhed by large Fines. A great many of the Inhabitants of this City eat always alone, and in private. Citizens, wholly uſeleſs to their Country, who have

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have never performed the leaſt Service to the Commonwealth, mean ſordid Wretches, that invite no Perſon to their Table, and are never invited to others. Such as theſe ought regularly to aſſiſt at Aſſemblies and public Meetings.

If this excellent Order, this uſeful Cuſtom had been obſerved, I ſhou'd not to Day have had the Misfortune of loſing ſo plentiful and delicious a Repaſt, for I am as well aſſured that *Menæchmus* had once a Deſign to treat me this Day, as I am among the Number of the Living. However I will go to him as late as it is, I have always Hopes of finding ſome Remains of the Feaſt; this Thought alone conſoles me, and raiſes my depreſs'd Spirits; but is not that *Menæchmus* himſelf that I ſee? he is coming out with a Crown of Flowers on his Head, ah! miſerable that I am, the Feaſt is finiſh'd, they are riſen from Table, by all the Furies! I am come too late.

SCENE II.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, PENICULUS.

MENÆCHMUS.

If I bring you back to Day your Robe fitted to your Shape, and adorned as you deſire, will you be contented, my Charmer? I will have it done in ſuch a Manner that you yourſelf ſhall not be able to know it again.

PE-

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PENICULUS.

So, ſo, he is going to carry the Robe to the Workman after having filled himſelf well with Meat and Wine, without giving the poor Paraſite his Share; by *Hercules!* I will forfeit my illuſtrious Name, I will ceaſe to be myſelf rather than not demand the Cauſe of this Affront, and gratify my Vengeance on the Author of it; here will I watch the Motions of my new Enemy, and when I have penetrated into his Deſigns I will accoſt him, and have a Conference with him.

MENÆCHMUS.

Ye Gods! who cannot die, although ſometimes ye deſire Death: Immortal Gods! is there a Man in the World on whom in one Day you have conferred ſo many Benefits, and who expected them ſo little? I have eaten of moſt delicious Fare, I have drank plentifully, and what is ſtill better, I have poſſeſſed a charming *Courtezan*, and to compleat my good Fortune, I carry away with me a rich Robe, which *Erotia* wou'd have done well to have given me to remember her by, for by the Faith of an honeſt Man ſhe ſhall never ſee it again.

PENICULUS.

How ſecurely the Gentleman diſburthens his Heart of its Gaiety! and now that his Belly is full, without doubt he diverts himſelf at my Expence, and laughs in his Sleeve at the

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the Faſt I have kept, while he was indulging himſelf over his good Cheer.

MENÆCHMUS.

She pretends that I have given her this fine Robe, and that I ſtole it from my Wife, I wou'd not undeceive her, but began to flatter and careſs her as if I had been the moſt paſſionate of her Lovers, I agreed to all ſhe ſaid, anſwered Yes, or No, as ſhe pleaſed. in ſhort I was never more ſplendidly, more voluptuouſly entertained in my Life.

PENICULUS.

Oh! I can no longer contain myſelf, I muſt ſpeak to him.

MENÆCHMUS.

Who is this Man that comes to meet me?

PENICULUS.

What can you ſay for yourſelf, light, wavering, and inconſtant Man? tell me, oh, moſt wicked, moſt villainous, moſt deceitful, moſt contemptible of all Mortals, what Crime have I been guilty of towards thee, that thou ſhouldſt thus barbarouſly rob me of Life? how cou'd you leave me ſo baſely in the public Square, and in my Abſence bury a large Repaſt in your gluttonous Maw? how have you dared to commit ſuch daring Injuſtice? for can you deny that a Share of this Feaſt was not my lawful Inheritance?

ME-

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MENÆCHMUS.

What is the meaning of this Outrage, young Man? what Buſineſs have you ever had with me? and why do you load with ſuch injurious Reproaches a Man entirely unknown to you? do you want to oblige me to pay you for the ill Names you have called me with as many good Blows with my Cudgel?

PENICULUS.

You have done me more Miſchief already than if you had beaten me.

MENÆCHMUS.

By your Leave, young Man, what is your Name, I have a great Curioſity to know it?

PENICULUS.

What Joke is this, to pretend to be ignorant of my Name, has our Acquaintance then commenced but this Moment?

MENÆCHMUS.

By the Temple of *Pollux* this is the firſt Time I ever ſaw you, at leaſt for what I know, but certain I am that I have no Acquaintance with you; but whoever you are for your own Sake ceaſe your injurious Language, and torment me no longer with your miſtaken Reproaches.

PENICULUS.

Dare you thus confidently deny that you know me?

ME-

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MENÆCHMUS.

If I do know you, what Reaſon can I have to deny it?

PENICULUS.

Ah! *Menæchmus*, awake from this Dream, and recall your Senſes?

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules* I think I am awake, and I have all the Senſes that I received from Nature.

PENICULUS.

Is it poſſible that you don't know your Paraſite?

MENAECHMUS.

You are mad, young Man, ſtark mad, by *Jupiter*.

PENICULUS.

Anſwer this Queſtion, I beſeech you, did you not rob your Wife of a Robe to Day to make a Preſent to your Miſtreſs, *Erotia*?

MENAECHMUS.

By *Hercules* I have no Wife, nor have I given a ſtolen Robe to *Erotia*.

PENICULUS.

Amazing! you dream waking, the Thing is inconteſtable, did I not ſee you a Moment ago come out of *Erotia*'s Houſe with a Robe on your Body?

ME-

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MENÆCHMUS.

Confound you for an Ideot, you judge of others by yourſelf, and becauſe you are a ridiculous Fop, you think I am ſo alſo; ſo you really ſay you have ſeen me in a Female Habit?

PENICULUS.

Yes, I maintain it, I have ſeen you,

MENÆCHMUS.

Go hang yourſelf, Blockhead, or rather go and offer an expiatory Sacrifice to the Gods, that they may cure you of this Folly, for you are certainly the moſt ſtupid of all Mortals.

PENICULUS.

I ſwear by the Temple of *Pollux!* mark me, *Menæchmus*, that no Conſideration whatever ſhall hinder me from telling your unhappy Wife this whole Affair; yes, ſhe ſhall know every Thing that has paſſed without the leaſt Diſguiſe; and thus the Injuries you have done me ſhall fall heavy upon yourſelf; I will enjoy my Revenge at my Eaſe, and conſole myſelf with that for the good Cheer you have had the Barbarity to deprive me of, for oh! this Diſappointment to Day tortures me horribly, depend upon it I will be revenged, it ſhall never be ſaid you have devour'd all this excellent Feaſt for nothing. I tell you again it ſhall coſt you dear.

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MENÆCHMUS.

Will this Deluſion never have an end? ſhall I be eternally mock'd in this Manner? every Perſon I ſee banters me, and accuſes me of Things I am entirely ignorant of, by *Hercules!* this is very provoking, but the Door opens, what will come next?

SCENE III.

A Maid Servant, MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

Servant.

Mr. *Menæchmus*, my Miſtreſs *Erotia* intreats you will buy an Ounce of Gold to be added to the Robe, and that you will alſo carry this Bracelet to the Goldſmith, and deſire him to mend it, and alter it ſo that it may appear quite new.

MENAECHMUS.

Go, my Child, tell thy Miſtreſs from me that I will carefully perform her Commiſſion, and not only this, but any other ſhe pleaſes to command me, my Purſe and my Perſon ſhall be always at her Service.

Servant.

Do you know this Bracelet?

MENÆCHMUS.

No, but I perceive it is Gold.

Servant.

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Servant.

'Tis the ſame Bracelet which you ſaid ſome Time ago you had ſtolen out of your Wife's Cabinet.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules!* I never ſaid ſo.]

Servant.

What! have you forgot it? give me the Bracelet again then, ſince you do not remember it was yours.

MENÆCHMUS.

Stay, ſtay, let me conſider a little—Oh! I remember the Jewel perfectly well, yes it is the ſame Bracelet, I gave to my Miſtreſs, the very ſame.

Servant.

You are ſure of it then?

MENAECHMUS.

Very ſure, but where are the two other Jewels that I gave her at the ſame Time?

Servant.

You gave her no more than this Bracelet.

MENAECHMUS.

By *Pollux!* when I gave her this I gave her the others.

Servant.

Well, take Care of this.

Me-

MENAECHMUS.

You may aſſure her that I will not neglect any Thing ſhe commands, I will give the Workman Orders to ſend home the Robe, and the Bracelet at the ſame Time.

Servant.

Ah! ſweet Sir, do me the Favour to give me a Pair of Gold Earings, about the Weight of two Crowns; come, Mr. *Menæchmus*, comply generouſly with this Requeſt, and be aſſured I will always meet you with Smiles when you come to our Houſe.

MENAECHMUS.

Oh! I will do this with Pleaſure, only give me the Gold, and I'll take Care to have the Earings made, and will pay for the Faſhion.

Servant.

Be ſo good, Sir, to lend me the Gold, I'll certainly pay you ſome Time or other.

MENAECHMUS.

No, no, I inſiſt upon your furniſhing the Gold yourſelf; look into your Hoards and bring me the two Pieces.

Servant.

I'll enter into an Engagement to pay it back double.

MENAECHMUS.

I have no Gold at preſent.

Servant.

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Servant.

Well, you'll oblige me when you have; have you any Commands to my Miſtreſs?

MENAECHMUS.

Tell her the Robe and the Bracelet ſhall be ſent very ſoon, and alter'd to her Fancy. So ſhe is gone, the Door is ſhut. Oh! fortunate *Menæchmus*, certainly thou art highly favoured by the Gods? what a Profuſion of Benefits have they ſhowered upon thee? but what a Fool am I to linger here? why do I not ſeize this favourable Opportunity to make my Eſcape. Go then, *Menæchmus*, Courage, Man, haſte away, and make good Uſe of thy Feet; I'll throw my Crown of Flowers on the left Hand, ſo if they ſhou'd take it into their Heads to purſue me, they will ſuppoſe I went that Way. Now will I go ſeek my Slave, *Meſſenion*, for I am impatient to tell him what good Fortune the Gods have ſent me.

End of the Third Act.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Wife of MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*, PENICULUS the Parasite.

Wife.

HOW can I think of living with a Husband who robs me of my Cloaths to present to his Mistress?

PENICULUS.

In the Name of *Jupiter*, Madam, make no Noise, you will spoil all; if you will be directed by me, you shall surprize this unfaithful Husband in the very fact. Come this Way, I beseech you, your Husband hath drank plentifully, and intoxicated as he is he wou'd not neglect carrying the Robe he robb'd you of to Day to the Workman, he had a festal Crown upon his Head. Ha! what do I see here? the very same Crown by *Hercules*, now I hope you do not doubt me, he has certainly taken

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taken this Way, ſhall we follow him, or watch his Return where we are? by *Pollux!* here he comes, but I tell you beforehand he has not your Robe with him.

Wife.

What ſhall I do with this Man?

PENICULUS.

What ſhall you do, have you not the ſame Weapon in your Poſſeſſion that you always had? the ſame Inſtrument of Vengeance? In ſhort, have you not the ſame Tongue? make Uſe of it now then, and be reveng'd.

Wife.

Your Advice is very good, I ſhall follow it, and truly I don't need many Perſuaſions to it.

PENICULUS.

Let us retire this Way a little, we will ruſh out upon him at once and ſurprize him.

SCENE II.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*, his Wife, and PENICULUS.

MENAECHMUS.

We have a Cuſtom here that is no leſs fooliſh than troubleſome, and yet the wiſeſt and beſt of us continue to obſerve it exactly, we are extremely deſirous of having a great Number of Dependants, and of being perpetually ſoli-

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cited by Clients, but never give ourſelves the Trouble to enquire whether they are good or bad; we never concern ourſelves about their Probity, their Integrity, or the Merit of their Cauſe; all we deſire to know is if they are rich. If the Client is poor, though his Behaviour be ever ſo unexceptionable, yet he paſſes for a Man who has very bad Principles; if he be rich, however wicked and baſe his Life and Manners, yet we extol him for a Man of great Virtue; there are ſome who regard neither Law or Equity, who are continually perſecuting their Patrons, who deny to have received what has been given them, and who having acquired large Fortunes by Uſury and ſwearing falſely, delight in continually involving themſelves and others in Lawſuits; when they have determined on a Day to have their Cauſes pleaded, they acquaint their Advocates or Patrons with it, and whatever Crimes they have committed, they muſt defend them whether the Cauſe be pleaded before the People, before the Pretor, or before the Judge.

A Client of this Sort has been the Cauſe of all my Mortification to Day; he diſappointed me in all my Deſigns, and robb'd me of thoſe Hours I had reſolved to dedicate to Pleaſure, I have pleaded for him before the Ediles, and after a great deal of wicked Diſputation I offered the adverſe Party Conditions equally cruel and unjuſt, and mindful of my Diſappointment, went no farther in my Pleading than what was juſt neceſſary to form an Engagement

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gagement upon §. Well what did my Client? Why he gave Security. I proteſt I never ſaw a Man ſo clearly, ſo manifeſtly convicted; the Crimes he was accuſed of were proved upon him by three Witneſſes. May all the Gods puniſh him for the voluptuous Hours he has made me loſe this Day! and may Heaven chaſtiſe me alſo for my Folly, in going to the Aſſembly and depriving myſelf of a delicious Day.

I ordered a good Repaſt to be prepared, and I know my Miſtreſs waits for me with great Impatience, I could not help this Delay, I left the Aſſembly as ſoon as poſſible, I do not doubt but *Erotia* will be extremely offended, but ſhe will be appeaſed by reflecting on the fine Robe I ſtole from my Wife to preſent to her.

PENICULUS.

Do you hear? is it I that have made him confeſs this Villainy? what do you ſay to this?

Wife.

I ſay that I am very unhappy in a Huſband.

PENICULUS.

But did you underſtand what he ſaid?

§ The Pleaders on both Sides were obliged to lay down a certain Sum of Money, which each Party looked upon as the Reward of Victory, this Money was called a Fine, becauſe it was the deſign'd Puniſhment of a Law-ſuit unjuſtly undertaken.

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Wife.

Too well, Oh! Gods too well!

MENAECHMUS.

If I act wiſely I ſhall certainly go in here, where I ſhall be more at my Eaſe than at Home, and ſwim in Luxury and Pleaſure.

Wife.

Stay Wretch, for this Time I will diſappoint you, Detection and Shame have overtaken you, thou ſhalt pay back with Intereſt the Robe you have robb'd me of, this is the Conſequence of ſuch Liberalities; were you ſuch a Fool as to imagine ſuch Crimes cou'd be long concealed or committed with Impunity?

MENÆCHMUS.

What do you mean, Wife? what is the Matter?

Wife.

Exceſſive Aſſurance! dare you aſk me what is the Matter?

MENÆCHMUS.

Wou'd you have me aſk this Man then?

PENICULUS.

No Coaxing—it will ſignify nothing, go on, Madam, maintain your Rights as you ought.

ME-

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MENÆCHMUS.

What Cause have I given you, *Peniculus*, to treat me so ill?

Wife.

You ought to know.

PENICULUS.

He is not ignorant of the Reason I have to complain of him, but the wicked Wretch pretends to know nothing about it.

MENÆCHMUS.

But come explain this Business to me?

Wife.

The Robe,

MENÆCHMUS.

What Robe?

Wife.

Who was it that carried away my Robe?

PENICULUS.

What are you afraid, Sir?

MENÆCHMUS.

Yes, faith, of one Thing, I confess this Robe makes me tremble.

PENICULUS.

'Tis your Turn now, I trembled, Heaven knows, while you eat in my Absence that ex-

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quiſite Repaſt to which you had invited me; go on, Madam, do not ſpare this perfidious Huſband, let him feel the Violence of your Reſentment.

MENÆCHMUS.

Wilt thou not be ſilent, ungrateful as thou art?

PENICULUS.

No, by *Hercules!* I will not be ſilent, he makes Signs to me to ſay nothing.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules!* thou lyeſt, I made no Sign either with my Head or Eyes.

Wife.

How unhappy, how miſerable am I?

MENÆCHMUS.

In what are you unhappy, tell me, Madam?

PENICULUS.

This Man has not his Equal for Impudence in the whole World, with what Confidence he denies a Thing as clear as the Sun.

MENÆCHMUS.

I ſwear to thee, Wife, by *Jupiter*, and all the immortal Gods, I did not make any Sign to this Fellow. Are you ſatisfied?

PE-

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PENICULUS.

You need not take much Pains to perſuade her to believe that, ſtay, ſtay, Sir, we have not done with you yet, pray come back?

MENÆCHMUS.

Come back, for what?

PENICULUS.

In my Opinion you cannot do better than to go to the Embroiderer and bring back the Robe, this is all you have for it now.

MENÆCHMUS.

What Robe is it that you both ſtun my Ears with thus?

Wife.

What have I to do but be ſilent ſince he pretends to have forgot this diſgraceful Action?

MENÆCHMUS.

Have any of my Slaves offended thee, Wife? I know Servants often anſwer ſaucily, and 'tis difficult to govern them, but you need only complain to me, and I will chaſtiſe them ſeverely, I'll make them obſerve their Duty.

PENICULUS.

You are merry, Sir.

MENÆCHMUS.

You ſeem to labour with ſome violent Uneaſineſs,

easiness, Wife, Sorrow is painted on your Face, tell me the Cause.

PENICULUS.
You mock her certainly.

MENÆCHMUS.
Has any of the Family offended her?

PENICULUS.
You are pleasant, you turn her into Ridicule.

MENÆCHMUS.
Is it with me then that she is angry?

PENICULUS.
Aye, now you speak seriously.

MENÆCHMUS.
By *Pollux!* I never did her the least Injury.

PENICULUS.
Now you begin to rally again.

MENÆCHMUS.
Tell me, my dear Wife, what is the Cause of your Uneasiness?

PENICULUS.
He begins to flatter now, beware of him.

MENÆCHMUS.
Mischievous Fellow, can't you hold your Tongue, 'tis your Business to be neuter here, I say

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I ſay nothing to you, why then do you torment me?

Wife.

Let my Hand alone, keep your Careſſes for your Miſtreſs.

Penículus.

Mind that, Sir, another Time make haſte to devour the Feaſt in my Abſence, and afterwards laugh at me, inſult me, and throw your Crown of Flowers on the Ground when you have eaten and drank plentifully.

Menarchmus.

What doſt thou mean, I have not eaten to Day, I am yet faſting, nor have I been with *Erotia* ſince I parted from her with you.

Penículus.

Dare you deny it.

Menæchmus.

Yes, by *Hercules*, I dare, and will maintain that your Reproaches are as falſe as Hell.

Penículus.

Moſt impudent of Men! did I not ſee you a Moment ago come out of *Erotia*'s Houſe with a feſtal Crown upon your Head? did you not treat me like a Fool or a Madman? ſwear you knew me not, and that you only this Day arrived at *Epidamnum?*

MENAECHMUS.

How is it poſſible I ſhou'd have had this ſtrange Converſation with you, ſince I have never ſeen you ſince we parted at the Aſſembly till this Moment?

PENICULUS.

Ah, I know the very bottom of your Heart, you did not think I was capable of taking a ſevere Revenge for the Injury you did me, but by *Hercules* you was deceived, for I have told all to your Wife.

MENAECHMUS.

How! what is it thou haſt told her?

PENICULUS.

I have forgot, take the Trouble to aſk her.

MENÆCHMUS.

'Tis well, Raſcal. My dear Wife, what is it this Rogue of a Paraſite has told you? tell me? why are you ſilent? ſpeak freely, open your Heart to me without Diſguiſe?

Wife.

As if you knew not the Cauſe of my Grief, my rich Robe is ſtolen from me.

MENÆCHMUS.

Is it poſſible! your rich Robe ſtolen, ſay you? what News is this you tell me?

Wife.

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Wife.

Ought you to be ſurpriſed at this News?

MENÆCHMUS.

If I knew how it happened I wou'd procure you Satisfaction.

PENICULUS.

With what Aſſurance he diſſembles and pretends Ignorance of the Fact! but it is all to no Purpoſe, your Roguery cannot be concealed; for by *Hercules*, I who know it have diſcovered all to your Wife.

MENÆCHMUS.

What have you diſcovered?

Wife.

Since you have loſt all Shame, and are reſolved to perſiſt in your Falſehood, hear me, Wretch, I will tell you the Cauſe of my Uneaſineſs, and what your Paraſite has informed me of, my Robe is ſtolen out of my Houſe.

MENÆCHMUS.

But ſeriouſly, have you been robb'd of a Robe?

PENICULUS.

Subtle Wretch, how he equivocates! the Robe is ſtolen that's certain, Madam, and ſtolen for a Whore.

ME-

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MENAECHMUS.

What have you to do in this Affair? but what is it you tell me, Wife?

Wife.

Muſt I repeat it eternally! I tell you again that my Robe is taken out of the Houſe.

MENAECHMUS.

Who has taken it?

Wife.

By *Pollux* he that took it knows the Thief very well.

MENAECHMUS.

Who is that Man?

Wife.

One *Menæchmus*.

MENAECHMUS.

By *Jupiter* it was a villainous Action, but who is this *Menæchmus*?

Wife.

Yourſelf.

MENAECHMUS.

Me! me! do you ſay?

Wife.

Yes, you I ſay.

MI-

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MENAECHMUS.

Who is my Accuſer?

Wife.

Myſelf.

PENICULUS.

And I alſo, nay more, I will prove that you ſtole away the Robe to carry it to your Miſtreſs, *Erotia.*

MENAECHMUS.

Il have I given a Robe to any one?

PENICULUS.

You, you, no other than you, muſt we bring an Owl hither to ſcream out You, without ceaſing, in your Ears, your Wife and I are fatigued with repeating this Word ſo often.

MENAECHMUS.

I ſwear to you, Wife, by *Jupiter*, and all the Gods (ſure this will ſatisfy you) that I have not given away your Robe.

PENICULUS.

And we ſwear to you by *Hercules!* that we do not lye.

MENAECHMUS.

Then you know that I have not given away the Robe, I have only lent it for a little Time, upon Condition that when the Perſon who

who borrow'd has made Uſe of it once, it ſhall be returned immediately.

Wife.

By the Temple of *Caſtor!* I never lend any of your Coats, or Cloaks, to any Perſon whatever, it belongs to me only to lend my Cloaths, and to you to do what you pleaſe with your own.

Menarchmus.

Don't be uneaſy, your Robe ſhall be brought back to you, I will take that trouble upon myſelf.

Wife.

It will be your Intereſt to do ſo, for depend upon it if you do not bring back my Robe you ſhall never come into my Houſe again.

Menarchmus.

How! will you ſhut my own Doors upon me? will you preſume to baniſh me from my own Houſe?

Peniculus.

But pray, Madam, what Reward will you beſtow upon me for informing you of this Roguery?

Wife.

When ſuch an Accident happens to you I will do you the ſame Service you have done me.

Pe-

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PENICULUS.

By the Temple of *Pollux* I am in no Danger of ſuch an Accident happening to me, for I have nothing to loſe. May the Gods confound the Huſband and Wife, both I ſay, what can I do now? I muſt even go to the public Square, and ſee if I can faſten upon any body who will give me a Meal, for I have nothing more to expect from this ingrateful Family.

MENAECHMUS.

So my better Half imagines ſhe has mortified me extremely by baniſhing me from home, Fool! as if I had not another Place to go to, where I ſhall paſs my Time more agreeably than with a ſcolding Wife. If my Wife is offended I have the Conſolation to think that my *Erotia* will receive me with open Arms; ſhe will not baniſh me from her, no, ſhe will welcome me with Tranſport—I will go to her immediately, and intreat her to give me back this curſed Robe which has occaſioned ſo much Noiſe, and I will buy her a better. Hollo, who is there, what neither Porter nor Portreſs? open the Door, I ſay, and tell your Miſtreſs I am here.

SCENE III.

EROTIA, MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

EROTIA.

Who is it that aſks for me?

ME-

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MENÆCHMUS.

One that loves you more than his own Life.

EROTIA.

What is it you, my dear *Menæchmus*, why do you ſtay at the Door? what new Whim is this? come in my Love.

MENÆCHMUS.

Stay a little, can you tell what occaſions this Viſit?

EROTIA.

'Tis eaſy to gueſs, my Friend, you are come to take a little Repaſt with me.

MENÆCHMUS.

You are miſtaken, my Charmer, and not to keep you long in Suſpence, hear what I have to ſay, though I am afraid it will not be very agreeable, in ſhort I am come to intreat you will return me the Robe I gave you this Morning, my Wife has been informed of all that is paſt, you may judge if ſhe be not in a great Rage; be ſo kind as to give me back her Robe, and I promiſe to buy you another of twice the Value, and you ſhall chuſe it yourſelf.

EROTIA.

Sure you know not what you ſay! my Dear, have you forgot that I gave you the Robe to carry to the Workman, and a Bracelet

celet also at the same Time, which I desired you wou'd get alter'd for me?

MENAECHMUS.

What do you say? that you have given me the Robe and the Bracelet? there is not any Thing more false, go Child, look in your Drawers, or rather reflect a little, for since the Time that I gave you that Robe, and quitted you to the Assembly, I have not had the Pleasure of seeing your Face till this Moment.

EROTIA.

Ah! I see your Design, I have found you out, because I was silly enough to give you an Occasion to make a Fool of me, you are resolved to make Use of it.

MENAECHMUS.

By *Pollux!* I have no bad Intention in making you this Demand, you may believe what you please, but I assure you my Wife knows all.

EROTIA.

Did I ask you to give me this Robe? did you not voluntarily make me a Present of it? you demand it again now, be it so, I am very willing to resign it, keep it, do what you will with it, return it to your Wife, but be assured you shall never enter my House again; and since you reward my Tenderness so ill, I am resolved for the future you shall obtain nothing of me but what you purchase with Gold—

Go

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Go—ſeek elſewhere for a Miſtreſs, whom you can impoſe upon.

MENAECHMUS.

What, in the Name of *Hercules*, is all this Rage for? indeed you are in the wrong. What going, ſtay, I ſay, *Erotia*, return hither.

EROTIA.

Are you there ſtill? how dare you call me?

MENÆCHMUS.

Ha! ſhe is gone in, and has ſhut the Door cloſe after her, by *Jupiter* I am in a very agreeable Situation, baniſh'd by my Wife, excluded by my Miſtreſs, ſhamefully diſmiſſed by both. What ſhall I do? neither of them will truſt me again, I muſt conſult my Friends upon this Misfortune, and follow their Advice.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, the Wife of MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

MENÆCHMUS.

I Committed a great Folly when I confided my Purſe to the Care of *Meſſenion*, the Raſcal is certainly waſting his Time and my Money in ſome Baudy-Houſe.

Wife.

I am impatient to know if my Huſband will return home again. Ha! there he is, I am happy, he brings me back my Robe.

MENÆCHMUS.

I cannot imagine where this Slave of mine is.

Wife.

I'll meet him, and ſcold him as he deſerves, are

are you not aſhamed, wicked Man, as you are to appear before me with that Robe.

MENÆCHMUS.

Hey! what is the meaning of this? certainly, Madam, you have loſt your Wits.

Wife.

How! impudent Wretch, have you the Boldneſs to open your Mouth to anſwer me!

MENÆCHMUS.

What Crime have I been guilty of to be condemned to keep my Mouth ſhut, pray?

Wife.

Dare you aſk that Queſtion? inſolent! ſhameleſs! moſt wicked of all Mortals!

MENÆCHMUS.

Hum—Pray, Madam, have you read Hiſtory enough to know why the *Greeks* call'd Queen *Hecuba* a Bitch?

Wife.

Not I ——

MENÆCHMUS.

Becauſe Misfortunes having deprived this old Princeſs of her Senſes, ſhe talked in the Manner you do now, and loaded every Perſon ſhe ſaw with Abuſe. 'Twas with Juſtice therefore that the *Greeks* gave her the Appellation of Bitch.

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Wife.

'Tis absolutely impossible to bear with your irregularities any longer, I wou'd much rather chuse to live like a Widow the remainder of my Days, than with a Husband that abandons himself to such monstrous Excesses.

MENÆCHMUS.

If you have Resolution enough to live without Man, and abandon your Spouse, what is that to me pray? is it the Custom in *Epidamnum* for Women of Distinction to fatten upon Strangers just arrived, and acquaint them with the Secrets of their Families?

Wife.

Yes, I repeat it, our Union shall be dissolved, I wou'd rather pass my Days in the most rigid Chastity than suffer any longer your horrible Disorders.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules!* with all my Heart, live a Widow to Eternity, you have my free Consent.

Wife.

But dare you, insolent that you are, dare you deny that you stole my Robe, when at this Moment you wear it on your Body as an Ornament? Wretch! how cou'd you be guilty of such an Action without blushing, or

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or rather without being ready to expire with Shame?

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules!* Madam, this is paſt bearing, and all the Reſpect I owe your Sex cannot hinder me from telling you that you are as bold as wicked, to charge me with having robb'd you of this Robe, when it was given me by a Woman whom I believe you never ſaw, to get alter'd for her.

Wife.

Ah! this is too much—they will make me deſperate. By *Caſtor* I will ſend for my Father; and give him an exact Account of your fine Behaviour. Who's there? One of you go to my Father, and tell him I beg to ſee him immediately upon an Affair of Conſequence. Now, Sir, your Debaucheries ſhall be all expoſed, I will paint you in your proper Colours.

MENÆCHMUS.

Are you crazy, Miſtreſs, what Debaucheries am I guilty of pray?

Wife.

When you rob me, who am your Wife, and a too too faithful one for ſuch a Huſband, when you rob me, I ſay of my Cloaths and Jewels, and give them publickly to your Whore, can you wonder that I complain of ſuch Treatment?

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MENAECHMUS.

In the Name of *Hercules*, Madam, I beseech you, tell me if you can, is there any Drug, any Potion, that if I drank wou'd give me Spirits to support your amazing Boldness? I wou'd fain know who you take me for? for my Part I declare I know you not, nor ever saw you before.

Wife.

Though you divert yourself with turning me into Ridicule, yet sure you will have some Consideration, some Respect for my Father, whom I have sent for. Ha! here he comes, look on him, know you this venerable old Man, Sir?

MENAECHMUS.

Just as well as the Prophet *Calchus*, I tell you this is the first Time I ever saw him.

Wife.

Wretch! wilt thou deny that thou know'st me or my Father?

MENAECHMUS.

Yes, by *Hercules!* and your Grandfather also.

Wife.

Amazing Impudence.

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SCENE II.

The Old Man, Father-in-law of MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum*, the Wife of the ſame, and MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

Old Man.

I am going to my Daughter's Houſe as faſt as my great Age will permit me, but well I know this Walk will be very difficult, for every Step is ſlower than the former, I ſink under the Weight of Years, and drag a heavy Body, which my Limbs are hardly able to ſupport; my Strength is almoſt gone, I carry my Years on my Back like bad Merchandize, for this wicked old Age, whenever it comes, brings with it a great many Followers, a Croud of Inconveniencies and natural Defects; in ſhort, old Age is ſubject to ſo many Miſeries that if I undertook to recount them I ſhou'd die before the Detail was ended. But beſides the Pain of being old, which is not ſmall, I am aſſaulted by a new Affliction that touches me ſenſibly; my Daughter has ſent for me in a violent Hurry, ſhe intreats that I will come immediately; what can be the occaſion of this Meſſage? what Accident has happened? my Imagination repreſents a thouſand different Things to me, all equally tormenting.

But what I am moſt ſurpriſed at is, that my Daughter has ſent only a general Meſſage, which gives me no Light into the Affair. Ah! ſhe wou'd have done better to have ſpared me

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me this Anxiety by informing me exactly what the Buſineſs is. Mean Time I conjecture, I divine, and I am much deceived if I am not right, ſome new Family Storm, ſome domeſtic Hurricane has occaſioned this Meſſage. Women who bring large Portions to their Huſbands expect to make them wear the Yoke; theſe Women I ſay are generally very bad, and if the poor Huſband endeavours but ever ſo little to maintain his Right of Superiority, the Houſe will be always full of Noiſe; the Huſbands indeed often abuſe their Power, and then 'tis they who are in the wrong. To render the conjugal State happy, 'tis neceſſary that the Authority of the Huſband ought to be exerted with Prudence; and the Submiſſion of the Wife be bounded by Reaſon; by *Pollux!* it certainly is not for any trivial Matter that my Drughter has ſent for me, 'tis ſomething of Conſequence, but whatever it is I ſhall know preſently. Ha! do I not ſee this Couple before the Door of their Houſe; the Huſband has a diſcontented Air, his Uneaſineſs is painted in his Countenance, how well have I gueſs'd! they are quarrelling, ah! I am ſeldom deceived. I muſt begin my Interpoſition by firſt ſpeaking to the Wife.

Wife.

My dear Father.

Old Man.

How do you, my Daughter? am I welcome? what good News have you for me? but you look ſad, what is the Cauſe? why

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does your Husband look so angrily on you! you have certainly had a Battle between you, at least with your Tongues; tell me truly, Daughter, which of you two is most in Fault! and merits most the paternal Censure? tell me in few Words all I ought to be acquainted with, either as Judge or Mediator.

Wife.

I must first assure you, my dear Father, that I am guilty of no Fault; you may rely absolutely upon this Testimony of my Innocence, though given by myself, but at the same Time, Father, I declare to you that it is impossible for me to live any longer here, I therefore conjure you to separate me from this Man, and take me home to you again.

Old Man.

What's this I hear! have you Reasons sufficient to induce you to make me this Demand?

Wife.

I am slighted, I am despised, and am obliged to bear the most cruel, the most shocking Indignities.

Old Man.

Who is it that treats you so unworthily?

Wife.

That Man there, who promised you to love me and make me happy, him who bears the

the Name of Huſband to me, and oh! more wretched me, whoſe Wife I too certainly am.

Old Man.

How often have I warned you, my Daughter, to exert all your Prudence in avoiding Quarrels, that neither your Huſband or you might have any Occaſion to make me Complaints.

Wife.

But how can I obey you in this? my Father, you ſuppoſe the Thing poſſible, but I ſwear to you ſolemnly it is not.

Old Man.

Is it to me you addreſs yourſelf?

Wife.

Yes, if you will have the Goodneſs to hear me.

Old Man.

Alas! how many Times have I recommended it to you, Daughter, to conform to the Will of your Huſband, you ought never to obſerve where he goes, or what he does, or endeavour to pry into his Diverſions, or Intrigues.

Wife.

But he is in Love with a profeſſed Courtezan, who lives in our Neighbourhood.

Old Man.

Is he ſo! faith I like him the better for it, and to reward you for your Diligence in diſcovering this Intrigue, I will do my beſt to forward it, and engage your Spouſe in new Gallantries.

Wife.

But alas, Sir! his Debaucheries are not confined to Women alone, he drinks there to Exceſs, and buries himſelf in Voluptuouſneſs in this infamous Brothel.

Old Man.

What is it to you where he drinks? how far will you carry your Inſolence? why do you not forbid him to go abroad, or to invite any Perſon to his Table? Do you expect that Huſbands will relinquiſh their Authority, and take Pleaſure in ſerving their Wives, aud becoming Slaves to their unreaſonable Wills; you might with equal Juſtice expect your Huſband to ſit amongſt your Maids and ſpin.

Wife.

Alas, Father! you did not come I find to be my Patron; my Meſſage has procured a good Advocate for my Huſband? you are here indeed at my Requeſt, but you plead only againſt me.

Old Man.

If your Huſband is faulty, I declare myſelf againſt him, and I ſhall condemn him more ſeverely

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ſeverely than I have done you, from his Advocate I ſhall become his Accuſer; but ſince I find that he ſupplies you with every Thing you want, and maintains you in Elegance and Splendor, in my Opinion, a Woman of Senſe ought to be contented with theſe Proofs of Affection, and endeavour to merit them by Sweetneſs and Complacency.

Wife.

Ah, Father! I have only told you the ſlighteſt of his Faults—Wou'd you think it—This kind Huſband opens my Cabinets, takes away my Cloaths, my Gold, my Jewels, to enrich and adorn his Whore.

Old Man.

Oh! if he does ſo he does very ill, but on the other Side, if this ſhould be a Falſhood, a Calumny, you are guilty of a moſt enormous Crime, in thus aſperſing the Innocence of your Spouſe.

Wife.

I can give you an immediate Proof of the Truth of what I ſay; at this Inſtant he has a Robe and Bracelet of mine about him; he had given them to his Miſtreſs, but finding I had diſcovered his Baſeneſs, he brought back his Booty apparently through Shame and Neceſſity.

Old Man.

I will know from himſelf the bottom of this Affair, I will accoſt him, and give him Au-

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dience in his Turn as a good and impartial Judge is obliged to do. Your Servant, Son-in-law, I wou'd fain know the Occasion of your Uneasiness, you seem to be angry with your Wife? what is the Subject of your Dispute, pray tell me?

MENÆCHMUS.

Good Man, whoever you are, I take *Jupiter* and all the Gods to witness——

Old Man.

Upon what Account? why do you thus invoke the Inhabitants of Heaven?

MENÆCHMUS.

I swear by *Jupiter*, and all his Court, that I have not offered the least Injury whatever to this Woman here. She accuses me of no less than robbing her of a Robe, and this suppos'd Crime is so strongly impressed on her Imagination, that she is ready to swear I am guilty of it. But I beseech you, Sir, take Notice of what I am going to say, if ever I was within the House of this Lady, I wish I may become the most miserable of all Mortals.

Old Man.

What do you say, *Menæchmus!* are you mad? can any Thing be more extravagant than such a Wish? You swear you have never been within her House, and yet 'tis there that you dwell, surely this is a very wild and ridiculous Sally.

Me-

MENAECHMUS.

And do you really say, Sir, that I actually dwell in this House here.

Old Man.

And do you, Sir, dare to deny it?

MENÆCHMUS.

Yes, by *Hercules!* and I will maintain it.

Wife.

Then you will maintain a Falsehood with the highest Degree of Impudence, unless you removed last Night, and fix'd your Dwelling in some other Place.

Old Man.

Come hither, Daughter. Well, *Menæchmus!* what do you answer to that? have you really removed from hence?

MENAECHMUS.

To go whither? and upon what Business?

Old Man.

By *Pollux!* I know not.

Wife.

Indeed, Father, this Man laughs at you.

Old Man.

Daughter, be silent. Come, *Menæchmus*, be

ſerious I beſeech you; you have jeſted with us long enough.

MENÆCHMUS.

Prithee, White-head, what is your Buſineſs with me? from whence come you? who are you? what have I done to you? or what in Conſcience and Honour has this Woman to reproach me with, that ſhe torments me in this Manner?

Wife.

How his Colour changes! how he trembles! obſerve his Eyes, my Father, how fierce and wild they look!

MENÆCHMUS.

Theſe wiſe People will have it that I am mad; 'tis well, I will confirm them in that Opinion, I cannot make uſe of a better Stratagem to free myſelf from their tormenting Importunities.

Old Man.

Come hither, Daughter, ſtand further from that Man.

Wife.

How wild and fierce he looks, he ſeems to be collecting all his Force to ruſh on us, great Gods! what ſhall we do?

MENAECHMUS.

Evoé, Evoé, Bromie. Oh! Son of *Jupiter* from what Part of the Foreſt doſt thou call me to the Chace? I hear thy Voice, and wou'd obey, but cannot get looſe from this Place, a furious

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furious Woman, like an enrag'd Bitch, seizes me on the left Side, and on the other an old Man that stinks like a Goat; a Man that made the innocent perish by bearing false Witness against them.

Old Man.

Perish thyself, thou abominable Lyar.

Menaechmus.

Ha! I hear *Apollo* from the Depth of his Sanctuary; he commands me to burn out the Eyes of this wicked old Man with two flaming Flambeaux.

Wife.

Alas! my Father, we are lost, he threatens to burn out our Eyes.

Menaechmus.

Have I not Cause to complain? they will have it that I am mad, yet certainly they themselves have lost the Use of their Reason if ever they had any, which indeed is much to be doubted.

Old Man.

Daughter, a Word with you.

Wife.

What shall we do, Father, in this new Distress?

Old Man.

The best Thing we can do, I believe, is to get some Slaves to bind this Madman, and then carry him into the House, where he may

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be confined before he commits greater Diſorders.

MENAECHMUS.

Ha! will you ſo? faith, I believe this will prove a ſcurvy Jeſt after all if I don't extricate myſelf quickly out of their Hands, they'll certainly carry me into the Houſe and make me a Priſoner—Again I hear the Voice of *Apollo*, he commands me not to ſpare my Nails, but to make a dreadful Havoc in the Face of this old Man, unleſs he goes away immediately to hang himſelf—Yes, great Divinity, you ſhall be obeyed, nor will I fail to exercife the Vigour of my Arms upon the Face of the Woman alſo.

Old Man.

Fly, fly, my Daughter, ſecure yourſelf in the Houſe, I am afraid this Madman will ſtrike you.

Wife.

I go, but oh! my Father, take Care that he does not eſcape. Alas! unhappy Woman that I am, to ſee my Huſband in this miſerable Condition.

MENAECHMUS.

Good! I have ſucceeded in ſending the Fury hence, I muſt now alſo put to Flight this old Wretch, this long Beard, this *Tithon*, this ſhivering Body, this Son of *Cygnus*, with his white head. Great *Apollo*, you command me to bruiſe his Sides, to break his Bones, to cruſh

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ruſh his Members, and that with the very ſame Stick which he carries in his Hand to ſupport his tottering Steps with.

Old Man.

Stay where you are, Madman, advance no farther, for if you have the Impudence to touch me, or only offer to approach me, you ſhall ſeverely repent it.

MENAECHMUS.

I will faithfully follow your Orders, *Apollo*, my Maſter and Inſpirer, I will take a Saw with two Edges, I will grind his Bones, I will rip up his Belly, and cut his Entrails to Pieces.

Old Man.

I muſt be upon my Guard, he keeps his Eyes fix'd upon me, he has a menacing Air, he will certainly ruſh upon my poor Skeleton and do me a Miſchief.

MENAECHMUS.

How many Orders you give me at one Time, divine *Apollo*, what ſhall I do firſt? Ha! thou ſayſt I muſt take a Set of untamed furious Horſes, and aſcend a Car to hunt this Lyon of *Getulia*, this ſtinking Lyon without Teeth, 'tis done—I am already mounted on the Car, I preſs the Seat, one Hand graſps the Reins, the other holds aloft my Weapon, come on then my brave, my valiant Horſes, now ſhow your Swiftneſs, your Vigour, and your Courage; make known your Fire by the Rapidity

pidity of your Courſe; let your Steps be wing'd with Lightning, let the Earth reſound with the Thunder of your Hoofs.

Old Man.

What do you threaten to tear me in Pieces with your Horſes, and to drive your Car over my Body?

MENÆCHMUS.

Again, I feel the inſpiring God, he bids me ſpring upon that Man and murder him. Ha! who is the preſumptuous Wretch that dares to hold my Horſes and ſtop my Car, whoever he be? he oppoſes the Execution of your Sentence, great God, he cancels the Decree of *Apollo*.

Old Man.

Alas! this is indeed a dreadful Diſeaſe, immortal Gods! deign to have Pity on us, how has this horrible Accident happened to him? my Son-in-law was once wiſe and diſcreet, and all of a ſudden his Brain is diſtemper'd, this Misfortune requires a ſpeedy Remedy, I muſt make Haſte and get a Phyſician immediately.

SCENE III.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

MENÆCHMUS.

So! I am at laſt delivered from theſe pleaſant People, who are determined to believe me mad,

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mad, and yet I am very certain that I am perfectly well; but now that I am ſafe, now that I am delivered from my Perſecutors, what hinders me from making Haſte to my Ship? Gentlemen grant me one Favour if you pleaſe, if the old Man ſhould return, I intreat ye all, (and there is really a good Number of you,) I intreat ye all, I ſay, not to tell him which Way I have taken.

SCENE IV.

Old Man.

I have ſat ſo long that my Back aches with anxiouſly waiting till the Doctor return'd from viſiting his Patients. At laſt having finiſh'd his ſick Rounds the hateful Fellow comes home. He muſt be a Man of eminent Knowledge, of an almoſt ſupernatural Skill in his Profeſſion; he recounts as two of his greateſt Exploits the having ſet the Thigh of *Eſculapius*, and the Arm of *Apollo*; two admirable Cures it muſt be confeſſed; without the Aſſiſtance of this wonderful Operator, the God of Medicine himſelf wou'd have had Occaſion for Crutches, and the glorious *Apollo* for an Arm of Silver. I really know not at preſent whether this Man ought to be call'd a Phyſician or a Mechanic; for if he has cured two Divinities, there cannot be a more glorious Teſtimony of his Skill, or a greater Honour for his Profeſſion; but if he has only refitted two broken Statues, the Exploit is not very extraordinary. Here he comes, a moſt grave and comely

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comely Perſonage! how majeſtically ſlow he walks, he is indeed a very admirable Man!

SCENE V.

Phyſician, Old Man.

Phyſician.

You were ſpeaking to me about the Sickneſs of your Son-in-law, explain it to me now with more Clearneſs? let me know all the Symptoms? what is the Diſeaſe that he is afflicted with? is he tormented by Phantoms, Spectres, or Hobgoblins? has he the Diſtemper of the Goddeſs *Ceres* upon him? conceal nothing; is he lethargick, hydropical, or conſumptive? 'tis neceſſary that the Phyſician ſhou'd be told every Thing.

Old Man.

'Tis juſt the contrary, Mr. Doctor; for I deſired you to come hither in order to be informed by you what Diſtemper my Son-in-law is afflicted with, and alſo with a Hope of having him reſtored to Health by your Aſſiſtance.

Phyſician.

Nothing is leſs difficult, believe me, good Man, your Labour will not be in vain, I promiſe you upon the Faith of a Phyſician, that your Son-in-law ſhall be cured from this Day.

Old

Old Man.

I wou'd have him treated with all imaginable Care, and nothing ſpared which may contribute towards the Re-eſtabliſhment of his Health.

Phyſician.

Do not you trouble yourſelf, I will labour upon the Patient with an indefatigable Application, I will fatigue myſelf ſo much with my Endeavours to reſtore him, that I will ſigh ſix hundred Times a Day through Wearineſs.

Old Man.

Hold, Sir, there is your Patient coming towards us.

Phyſician.

Softly! let us obſerve him, let us ſee a little what he will do.

SCENE VI.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum*, the old Man his Father-in-law, and the Phyſician.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Pollux!* I certainly roſe to Day under a malignant Influence, a miſerable Day has it been to me! this raſcally Paraſite has diſcovered all my Secrets, this Rogue, this Monſter of Ingratitude, has in a Moment plunged me into Infamy and Fear, him who was my *Ulyſſes*, to whom I entruſted all my Deſigns,

ſigns, the Guide and Executioner of all my Schemes, he has betrayed his Agamemnon, and by his Perfidy drawn me out of a moſt ſweet and happy Situation. If I live I will take away his Life, but I talk like a Fool; is it not from my Benevolence that he holds his Life? is he not ſupported by my Wealth? wou'd he not have periſh'd a hundred Times by Hunger but for me? 'tis thus then that I will take away his Life, I will deprive him of my Aſſiſtance. As for this Whore, ſhe maintains very well the Honour of her Character, ſhe does nothing unworthy her honeſt Profeſſion, I intreated her to return me the Robe, that I might pacify my Wife with it, mark her extream Cunning, and the Lye ſhe invented immediately to keep it. She ſwears to me, that ſhe gave it me ſome Hours ago.—Is it poſſible to carry Impudence farther than this? Alas! it muſt be confeſt I am extremely miſerable.

Old Man.

Do you hear what he ſays?

Phyſician.

He deplores his Unhappineſs.

Old Man.

Be ſo good to accoſt him.

Phyſician.

Mr. *Menæchmus*, your Servant, pray why do you ſtretch yourſelf thus? you are not ſenſible of the Hurt it does you: This Extenſion

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tension of your Arms encreases the Violence of your Distemper.

MENÆCHMUS.
What does this Quack mean? go hang thyself with thy Doctorial Visions.

Physician.
Do you feel any Thing?

MENÆCHMUS.
Why shou'd I not feel? I have all my five Senses.

Physician.
It will cost more than an Acre of Helebore to cure this Head, but let's try him again. Well, Sir, what good News can you tell us?

MENAECHMUS.
What wou'd you have me to tell you?

Physician.
Answer precisely to the Question I ask you; is the Wine you commonly drink White or Red?

MENAECHMUS.
May the Furies carry thee away with thy impertinent Curiosity.

Physician.
By *Hercules!* his Madness begins to seize him, he grows wild.

ME-

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MENÆCHMUS.

Why do you not ask me whether the Bread I generally eat is Purple, Red, or Yellow, or enquire if the Birds which are served up to my Table, have Scales, or the Fish Wings?

Old Man.

Good Gods! what Extravagancies he utters, do you not mark him, Doctor? haste then, and make him swallow some salutary Potion before his Distemper increases, and he becomes quite furious.

Physician.

Have Patience, be silent, I want to interrogate him a little longer.

Old Man.

Aye, aye, according to the laudable Customs of your Art, you murder the poor Patients with the Gravity of your nonsensical Speeches.

Physician.

Tell me, do not you feel your Eyes grow hard?

MENAECHMUS.

Do you take me for a Grashopper?

Physician.

Don't you perceive that your Bowels make a great Noise?

Me-

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MENÆCHMUS.

When my Belly is full my Bowels are very peaceable, and sleep profoundly, but when I am hungry they growl horribly.

Physician.

This Answer is wide from the Purpose, it denotes a distemper'd Brain. When you are in Bed do you sleep easily? are not your Slumbers unquiet and interrupted? do you generally sleep till Day?

MENÆCHMUS.

I always sleep well but when my Mind is disturb'd by the Fear of some importunate Creditor. But may *Jupiter* and all the Gods confound thee, thou eternal Questioner! when wilt thou have done?

Physician.

Oh, oh, our Man begins to grow furious, these Words alone ought to be sufficient to make you be on your Guard.

Old Man.

You are mistaken, he is calmer at present, and less abusive than he has been since his Senses were first disordered; it is not long since he called his Wife an enraged Bitch.

MENÆCHMUS.

By your Leave, pray, when did I use such a Word?

Old

Old Man.

I ſay you are mad, my Friend, quite mad, and fit for Chains.

MENAECHMUS.

How! mad! am I mad?

Old Man.

Yes, you! have you not threatened to cruſh me under the Wheels of your Chariot? had I not heard your Extravagancies with my own Ears, I would not thus freely have call'd you mad.

MENÆCHMUS.

And with the ſame Certainty I know that you have ſtolen the ſacred Crown of *Jupiter*, and that for this horrible Sacrilege you was thrown into Priſon, from whence you are now taken out to be hang'd. I know alſo that you have ſtabb'd your Father, and ſold your Mother for a Slave. Well, Father-in-law, do I ſpeak now like a Man in my Senſes? is it not fit to anſwer Calumny with Calumny, and falſe Imputations with others as falſe, and more attrocious.

Old Man.

Doctor I conjure you loſe no Time; what you are to do, do quickly. See you not how he is tranſported?

Phyſician.

The beſt Thing you can do is to ſend the Patient to my Houſe.

Old

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Old Man.

Is this your Opinion?

Phyſician.

Certainly, he will then be wholly under my Care, and I may treat his Diſtemper my own Way.

Old Man.

Do what you think moſt proper to be done.

Phyſician.

Come, Mr. *Menæchmus*, come along with me, I will regale you well! for theſe twenty Days to come, you ſhall drink nothing but Helebore, is not that fine?

Menæchmus.

Raſcal! I will cut thy Throat.

Phyſician.

Come, venerable Father, let us go and get ſome People to carry him to my Houſe.

Old Man.

How many are neeeſſary?

Phyſician.

His Diſtemper is ſo violent at preſent that no fewer than four luſty ſtrong Fellows will be neceſſary to carry him away.

Old Man.

They ſhall be here in a Moment; mean Time,

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Time, good Mr. *Esculapius*, watch your Patient carefully, don't let him escape.

Physician.

I watch him! excuse me, Sir, I have very urgent Business, nay, you know I am obliged to go home and give the necessary Orders for his Reception. Go, go, send the Slaves hither, and let them bring him to my House immediately.

Old Man.

He shall be there as soon as you.

Physician.

I'll be gone then.

Old Man.

Adieu.

SCENE VII.

MENARCHMUS of *Epidamnum* alone.

So they are gone, my Father-in-law and the Physician, and I am at last delivered from their Hands. Great *Jupiter!* what Adventure is to follow those which have happened to me this Day? They declare publickly here that I am mad; it passes for certain, so there is the Reputation and Honour of my poor Brain dead and buried. But how can this be, for I am very sure that since my first Entrance into Life I have never been seiz'd with any Symptom

Symptoms of this Diſtemper. Is this black Suſpicion owing to Malice or Miſtake? 'Tis ſtrange! 'tis unaccountable! ſurely I am not mad. I neither inſult, quarrel with, or ſtrike any Perſons that come in my way; my Mind is calm, my Thoughts are reaſonable; my Behaviour is not different from other People; when I ſpeak to them they reply, when they ſpeak to me I anſwer them again, and with as much Judgment as ever I did before. 'Tis not I then that am mad, but thoſe who reproach me with Madneſs have their own Brains cracked; People that labour under ſuch Diſorders, ſuſpect others to be what they are themſelves.

But this is not all that afflicts me, for how ſhall I diſpoſe of myſelf at preſent? to which Side ſhall I turn? I dare not attempt to get into my own Houſe, for my Lamb of a Wife will refuſe me Entrance, and from my Miſtreſs nothing is to be expected; her Door is ſhut againſt me, no one will venture to introduce me, we are upon ſuch bad Terms with each other.—I have no other Reſource but to wait here for the Approach of Night, my Wife perhaps may be then ſeiz'd with Compaſſion, and will permit me to take Part of her Bed.

SCENE VIII.

MESSENION.

The Merit of a good Slave conſiſts in taking great Care of his Maſter's Subſtance, in laying it out wiſely, in being attentive to his

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Intereſts; in ſhort, a good Slave ſhou'd in his Maſter's Abſence manage his Money in the ſame Manner as if he was preſent, or rather with more Circumſpection.

A wiſe Domeſtic will always conſider his Shoulders more than his Mouth, he will think it more neceſſary to provide for the Eaſe of his Legs than for the filling his Belly, and have the Reward he expects from his Maſter continually before his Eyes. But what is the Reward that a wicked idle Slave has Reaſon to hope for? in what Coin is he paid? why, with heavy Stripes, Fetters, grinding in Mills, cruel Fatigues, ravenous Hunger, and periſhing Cold; theſe are the natural Conſequences of Diſobedience and Guilt.

As for me, I am a declared Enemy to all theſe Things; there is not one of them convenient, not one that ſuits my Taſte, or does not put me into a horrible Fear; 'tis for this Reaſon that I am firmly reſolved to be good for ſomething, and always prefer good Service to bad. I am not moved by harſh Language, or Reproaches, however undeſerved; for after all they are only Words, and Words ſtrike nothing but the Air, but as for Blows, your humble Servant; I am not for them, I hate them mortally, the Impreſſion they make, is a little too ſtrong.

I muſt confeſs, alſo, that I eat much more willingly what the Labours of others ſupply me with, than my own; Bread made with Flower of my Grinding wou'd taſte very bitter,

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ter, but it goes down very pleaſantly, when done by the Fatigue of my Comrades. Therefore I am always ready to obey my Maſter's Commands, I execute his Orders punctually, I ſerve him with Diligence and Alacrity, and I find myſelf in a very happy Situation, with theſe my ſervile Maxims.

Thoſe Slaves, who becauſe of their good Behaviour have nothing to fear, and yet are naturally timid, thoſe Slaves, I ſay, are generally moſt uſeful to their Maſters; on the contrary, thoſe who are bold, determined, and arrogant, are the greateſt Tremblers in the World, when by their Faults they have drawn the Indignation of their Maſters upon them.

Thanks to the Gods, I have no Reaſon to be afraid, my Maſter will in a little Time reward me for my faithful Service; in the mean Time this is my governing Principle, to do always what is moſt for the Eaſe of my Back.

After having ſecured my Maſter's Servants and Baggage in the Inn, as he commanded me, I came back to wait his Orders, 'tis fit I knock at the Door, that he might be informed that I am here. Oh! that I may be ſo happy as to ſee him come out ſafe and ſound from this damn'd Houſe; but I fear I am come too late, and that it will be after Death the Phyſician.

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SCENE IX.

The Old Man, MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum*, Slaves, MESSENION.

Old Man. *To the Slaves.*

I conjure you by the Gods! and by Men! not to neglect any of my Orders, carry him immediately to the Phyſician's Houſe; I have commanded you to do it, and I now repeat my Command; obey then as you ought, unleſs your Backs and your Thighs are of little Conſideration to you: Do not be frighted from your Duty by his Menaces—Well, why do you ſtand ſtill? why fix yourſelves like Statues in one Poſture? is it thus you obey my Orders? you ought already to have laid him acroſs your Shoulders, make Haſte, I will go before you, to the Phyſician's.

MENÆCHMUS.

I am undone! what can this mean? Raſcals! why do you fall upon me? what do you want? why do you ſurround me thus, voracious Birds of Prey? whither do you want to convey me?—Ah! I am ruin'd! Help, dear Fellow-Citizens of *Epidamnum*.—I implore your Relief, haſten to my Aſſiſtance, and deliver me from theſe Blood-hounds?

MESSENION.

Immortal Gods, what do I ſee! Oh, Miſery! my Maſter, my good Maſter, treated with the

the vileſt Indignity; by all the Furies! they want to carry him away by Force.

MENAECHMUS.

Ah! what brave Man will have Courage enough to embrace my Intereſts, and undertake my Defence.

MESSENION.

I will, my dear Maſter; I will defend you while I have one Drop of Blood remaining. Oh! wicked Attempt. Oh! execrable Villany. Ye Citizens of *Epidamnum*, will ye ſuffer an honeſt free Stranger to be treated like a Slave and a Criminal in the midſt of your Streets? and in a City that is at Peace with all the World? Can any Thing diſhonour you more? Be gone ye Miniſters of Perfidy and Violence, and releaſe the Innocent, whom you oppreſs.

MENÆCHMUS.

Generous Unknown! whoever you are, I earneſtly implore your Aſſiſtance, do not let me ſuffer ſo cruel, and ſo public an Affront.

MESSENION.

Yes, Sir, I will aſſiſt you, my Arm and my Life are at your Service, I will not ſuffer you to be injur'd; if one of us muſt periſh, it is juſt that that I ſhould be the Perſon. Courage then, Maſter, ſtrike out I beſeech you the Eye of this Rogue, that holds you by the Neck; as for me I will deal my Blows plentifully amongſt theſe other Gentlemen

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here. By *Hercules!* Villains, you ſhall repent your having undertaken this Taſk to Day. Once more, Raſcals, will you leave my Maſter at Liberty?

MENAECHMUS.

By *Pluto!* I have got this Rogue's Eye in my Hand.

MESSENION.

Good! very good! he has ſomething to remember you by. Off, off, ye Robbers, Murderers, Villains.

Slaves.

Mercy! for the Love of the great *Hercules*, Mercy.

MESSENION.

Leave this Gentleman then.

MENAECHMUS.

Strike! ſtrike! have no Compaſſion on them, who had the Inſolence to ſeize me.

MESSENION.

If you wou'd have me ſpare you, fly, leave this Place, be gone this Inſtant, and may the Gods puniſh ye, Villains, as ye deſerve. How! what makes you lag behind your Fellows? there, take that for being the hindmoſt, by *Hercules!* a good Blow, thy Face is in admirable Order, and now I am ſatisfied, my Work is done. Faith, Sir, I came in good

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good Time, you began to want my Aſſiſtance.

MENÆCHMUS.

May the Gods be favourable to thee always, generous Stranger! for 'tis certain, without thy Aſſiſtance, this Day had been fatal to me, I ſhou'd not have lived till Sunſet.

MESSENION.

Then, Sir, I may hope you will reward my Service with that good which exceeds every other Liberty.

MENAECHMUS.

Muſt I make thee free, Friend?

MESSENION.

Yes, certainly you, my Maſter? ſince you acknowledge I have ſaved your Life.

MENAECHMUS.

Is it me you call Maſter? you are deceived, and take me for ſome other Perſon.

MESSENION.

How can I be deceived? how can I take you for another Perſon? I do not underſtand you Sir.

MENÆCHMUS.

I ſwear by the Father of the Gods I am not your Maſter.

MESSENION.

Good Sir, do not talk in this Manner.

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MENAECHMUS.

I tell you I am not your Maſter, I never had a Slave capable of doing what you have done for me.

MESSENION.

If you will not acknowledge me for your Slave, give me Liberty to go where I pleaſe.

MENÆCHMUS.

By *Hercules!* I will enfranchiſe thee as far as it is in my Power; be free, my Friend, and go where thou wilt.

MESSENION.

Do you command me to do ſo, Sir?

MENAECHMUS.

Yes, by *Hercules!* I command thee by all the Authority I have over thee.

MESSENION.

Oh! my good, my worthy Maſter, I will ſerve you ſtill, faithfully, in the Character of your new freed Man.

A Slave, Companion of MESSENION.

I congratulate you, *Meſſenion*, upon the Liberty you have acquir'd.

MESSENION.

By *Hercules*, my Friend, I do not in the leaſt doubt but that your Congratulation is ſincere.

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sincere. But, Sir, I must intreat you will grant me one Favour, and that is, that you will continue to command me any Thing for your Service, with the same Authority, as when I was your Slave, I will stay with you, and when you return home, I will follow you.

MENAECHMUS.

No, that must not be.

MESSENION.

I will go immediately to the Inn, and bring the Baggage and Money; your Purse is seal'd and put into your Portmantua, I will deliver it into your Hands.

MENAECHMUS.

Do so, thou art a brave Fellow.

MESSENION.

I will give you back the Purse in the same Condition as when you confided it to my Care. Have a little Patience, and wait for me here.

MENAECHMUS.

What am I to think of all this? what wonderful Accidents have happened to me this Day! Some will not acknowledge me, but impudently maintain that I am what I am not, and from thence take Occasion to shut me out of my House; others pretend, notwithstanding all my Assurances to the contrary, that I am their Master. The Man who has just left me, wou'd engage himself

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to all the Furies in Hell, that he is my Slave, and therefore I must give him Freedom; the Madman has promised me a Purse full of Money, if he keeps his Word I shall very chearfully take Leave of him, I will throw the Reins over his Neck, and suffer him to go where he pleases; for to be plain, I shall be afraid that when he is restor'd to his Senses he will remember the Money he has given me, and demand it back again, perhaps with Interest too: My Father-in-law and the Physician treat me like a Madman; from whence can it proceed? I am wrapt in Wonder at it. —Let me consider; am I awake, or is all this a Vision?— No, 'tis but too certain; what then shall I do? after so many Storms I believe I cannot do better than to go to this Courtezan, and by Prayers and Flatteries prevail upon her to give me back the Robe; if I should have the Good-luck to succeed with this Woman, who like all the rest of her Trade is true to her own Interest, I will carry it home immediately, and do not doubt but with such a Passport I shall gain Admittance, and restore Peace again to my Family.

SCENE X.

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES, MESSENION.

MESSENION.

Hast thou the Impudence to persist in saying thou hast seen and spoke to me a few Minutes ago? Was there ever a more infamous

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Falſhood? I indeed commanded thee to come and fetch me, or at leaſt to meet me here, neither of which thou didſt; thou wert taken up, I ſuppoſe, with ſome more agreeable Buſineſs.

MESSENION.

Is it poſſible, Sir, that you can ſpeak ſo contrary to your own Knowledge? certainly you mean to divert yourſelf, for you cannot have forgot the Service I did you juſt now. Did I not deliver you from four great Maſtiffs, who were carrying you away by Force? You ſtormed, you cried aloud for Succour, and called both Gods and Men to witneſs the horrible Violence that you ſuffered; in vain you ſtruggled to free yourſelf from their Arms, I was deſtin'd to be your Deliverer; finding you in this Danger I ran, I flew to your Aſſiſtance, I fell furiouſly upon your Raviſhers, and by a Shower of dreadful Blows I forced them to fly; thus I again made you Maſter of yourſelf, and reſtored you to Liberty. This Action, which ſhew'd my ardent Zeal for your Safety, moved your Heart; you thought, and with Reaſon, that you cou'd not reward ſo important a Service with leſs than Liberty, therefore you made me free.

MENAECHMUS.

How! have I made you free? have I permitted you to go where you pleaſe?

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MESSENION.

There is nothing more certain.

MENÆCHMUS.

And I proteſt that it has been long my Reſolution, rather to ſell myſelf for a Slave, than give you Freedom. How will you reconcile theſe Contradictions?

SCENE XI.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*, MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES, MESSENION.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*, ſpeaking, as he comes out of EROTIA's Houſe.

By *Hercules!* though you ſhou'd ſwear by all that is moſt dear to you, that I have carried away the Robe, and the Bracelet, it would nevertheleſs be falſe, you are all villainous Lyars.

MESSENION.

Oh! Heaven, oh! ye immortal Gods! what do I behold?

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

What is it you ſee?

MESSENION.

Your living Mirror, Sir.

MI-

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MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.
What doſt thou mean by that?

MESSENION.
Your other Self, never was there ſo perfect a Reſemblance.

MENÆCHMUS.
By *Pollux!* if the Idea I have of my own Figure be true, this Man is not different from myſelf.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*
Well met again, young Man, who ever thou art, I ſhall look upon thee as my Deliverer.

MESSENION.
I conjure you, Sir, by the great *Hercules!* tell me your Name.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*
My Name is *Menæchmus.*

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.
By the Temple of *Pollux!* that is my Name alſo.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*
I am of *Syracuſe* in *Sicily.*

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.
There was I alſo born, and in that City am I ſettled.

ME-

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MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*
What is it you ſay?

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.
Nothing but Truth.

MESSENION.
That I can witneſs, for I ought to know this Gentleman well, ſince I am one of his Slaves. Aye, this is my Maſter, but in good Faith, I have taken you for him, and firmly believed I belonged to you. This Miſtake has been the Cauſe of my giving my Maſter Offence, and letting ſome imprudent and diſreſpectful Words eſcape me, for which I moſt humbly aſk your Pardon, Maſter.
[*To* Menæchmus *of* Epidamnum.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.
Sure thou art mad! haſt thou forgot that this Day you landed with me at *Epidamnum?*

MESSENION.
Very true, Sir, —— Yes, without doubt 'tis you that are my Maſter? and as for you, young Gentleman, with the deceitful Appearance, you muſt ſeek another Slave. I muſt bid you adieu, my new Maſter, for I inſiſt upon it that this is the true *Menæchmus.*

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*
And I inſiſt upon it, that 'tis I who am *Menæchmus.*

M-

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MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

What Farce are we playing here? you are *Menæchmus*, you ſay?

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

Yes, I ſay I am *Menæchmus*, the Son of *Moſchus*, a Citizen of *Syracuſe*.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

How! are you the Son of my Father?

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

Not that I know of, young Man, I am the Son of my own Father, and in naming him I had no Deſign of claiming yours.

MESSENION.

Immortal Gods! accompliſh, I beſeech you, my Hope, although it be almoſt againſt Hope itſelf, yet oh! may it pleaſe you to confirm my Conjecture. Theſe two, if I am not deceived, are the twin Brothers of *Syracuſe*. I muſt conſult with my Maſter, Mr. *Menæchmus*.

Both.

What woudſt thou?

MESSENION.

I ſpeak but to one at a Time; anſwer me which of you two have wandered a long Time with me on the Sea?

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

Not I.

Me-

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.

No certainly, for it was me.

MESSENION.

Then 'tis with you I wou'd ſpeak; be ſo good to come aſide with me.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

Well, what haſt thou to ſay to me now?

MESSENION.

One of theſe two Things muſt certainly be true; either this Man is an Impoſtor, and a Cheat, or he is your twin Brother; for my Part I muſt confeſs, the more I examine him the more I am loſt in Aſtoniſhment, I never in my whole Life beheld a Man who ſo perfectly reſembled another as he does you; believe me, Sir, for of this I am a better Judge than you, one Drop of Water is not more like another; beſides, he ſays he is of the ſame City and Country as you are; therefore, if you think proper, we will interrogate him on ſome Facts.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

By *Hercules!* thy Advice is good, and I am much obliged to thee; go on I conjure thee in the Name of the Gods! to clear up this Affair, and if thou proveſt him to be my Brother, I will reward thee with Liberty.

MESSENION.

I am in great Hopes of being able to give you this Satisfaction, my Heart whiſpers Succeſs to me. ME-

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MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

I will patiently wait the Event.

MESSENION.

Well, Sir, you who would make us believe you to be *Menæchmus*, will you maintain it?

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

Yes, and I will say nothing but what is true.

MESSENION.

'Tis certain that my Master's Name is *Menæchmus*; you say you are of *Syracuse*, *in Sicily*, in that City was he born; *Moschus* you tell us was your Father, so was he my Master's; are you willing to give me your Assistance in clearing up this Matter, to the Satisfaction of you both?

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

Well dost thou deserve that I should comply with all thy Demands, and although I am free, yet will I blindly obey thee as if thou hadst bought me for thy Slave.

MESSENION.

I do not doubt but that you will be found to be the Twin Brothers of *Syracuse*, born in one Day, of the same Father and Mother.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

Your Words surprize me! you fill me with Astonishment and Joy. May the Gods grant that you may be able to prove this clearly to me.

ME-

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MESSENION.

Well then, ſtand by each other, and both of you anſwer preciſely to the Queſtions I ſhall aſk you.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

Aſk what you pleaſe, I promiſe to anſwer you truly.

MESSENION.

Are you call'd *Menæchmus?*

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

'Tis my true and only Name.

MESSENION.

And yours alſo, Sir?

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

Nothing is more certain.

MESSENION.

You declare yourſelf the Son of *Moſchus*, who when alive was a good and honeſt Citizen of *Syracuſe?*

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

I repeat that Declaration.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

The ſame *Menæchmus* was my Father alſo.

MESSENION.

You are then a *Syracuſan?*

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

Certainly.

MES-

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MESSENION.

And you alſo, my Maſter?

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.

Yes, thou knoweſt it.

MESSENION.

Hitherto all goes Right, your Anſwers agree perfectly well, but for a greater Confirmation I beſeech you, Sir, the Citizen of *Epidamnum*, that you will be pleaſed to tell us what you remember at the greateſt Diſtance of Time.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

I remember that my Father took me with him to *Tarentum*, whither he went to trade; at our Arrival we ſtood to behold ſome Games that were celebrating, and I loſt my Father in the Croud, I wandered about, and at laſt fell into the Hands of a rich Citizen of this Place, who ſtole me away, and brought me here to *Epidamnum*.

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.

Supreme, and all powerful *Jupiter* bleſs me! and crown thy Work.

MESSENION.

Have Patience, Maſter, do not interrupt me. How old were you when your Father took you with him to *Tarentum?*

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

Seven Years; I remember I was then getting

ing new Teeth. After this Adventure happened to me I never more saw my Father.

MESSENION.

How many Brothers were of you in the Family?

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

We were but two as I remember.

MESSENION.

Which of you was the eldest?

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

I think we were of the same Age.

MESSENION.

How can that be?

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

'Tis not difficult to guess, we were Twins.

MENAECHMUS Sosicles.

The Gods at last are favourable!

MESSENION.

I assure you, Sir, if you interrupt me again I will not ask him any more Questions, I will be silent.

MENÆCHMUS Sosicles.

I had much rather be silent myself.

MESSENION.

There yet remains one Difficulty, which I am

am afraid will not be eaſy to get over. How happens it that your Brother and you have the ſame Name?

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

I don't know that we have, as for myſelf I am called *Menæchmus*, and I was always called ſo, but my Brother had another Name, which if I remember right was *Soſicles.*

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

Ah! 'tis too much; one half of theſe Proofs had been ſufficient to convince me, I cannot any longer contain my fraternal Tenderneſs, I muſt embrace him, my dear Brother! my Twin Brother! I, I am *Soſicles.*

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

But why are you call'd *Menæchmus?*

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

When the Family was inform'd that our Father was dead, and that you was loſt; our Grandfather, who always loved you more than me, ſuppreſt my Name, and gave me yours.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

I believe all you tell me, one little Scruple remains, which I beg you to remove.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

Moſt willingly; ſpeak!

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

What was our Mother's Name? Me-

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MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.
Theuſimarcha.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*
The ſame! come to my Arms, my dear Brother, whom, for ſo many Years, I have not ſeen, and whom I never thought to have ſeen again! how happy has this unexpected Meeting made me?

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.
And oh! how has it bleſt me! me, my dear Brother, who have ſought thee ſo long a Time with incredible Labour and Fatigues, but now they are all overpay'd.

MESSENION.
Now, Maſter, the Behaviour of the Courtezan is explained; ſhe called you by your Name, and invited you to Dinner, believing you to be your Brother.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*
By the Temple of *Pollux!* I had ordered her to prepare a Repaſt, and intended to dine with her, nay, I gave her a Robe, which I ſtole to Day from my Wife.

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.
Is not this the Robe you ſpeak of, Brother?

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*
By what Chance did it come into your Poſſeſſion?

ME-

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MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES.

The Woman who lives in that Houſe, invited me to dine with her; ſhe aſſured me that I had given her this Habit; I was very well entertained, eat and drank plentifully, and to compleat my good Fortune, brought the Robe away with me.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

By the Temple of *Pollux!* I am rejoiced that you fared ſo well upon my Account; this Creature, when ſhe invited you in, certainly miſtook you for me.

MESSENION.

Well, the Affair is now finiſh'd, I have fulfilled my Engagement, 'tis now your Turn, Sir, to perform your Promiſe, by giving me my Liberty.

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

His Demand is too juſt, and reaſonable, to be refuſed, come Brother, make him free for my ſake.

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.

You are in the right, my Brother, to believe that your Mediation muſt be dear to me. Well, *Meſſenion*, to comply with my Promiſe, and more eſpecially to gratif my other Self, I make you free from this Inſtant.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

I ſincerely congratulate thee, *Meſſenion*, on thy Liberty. MES-

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MESSENION.

May the Gift be made me under happier Auſpices than it was before, that my Liberty may be as durable as my Life!

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.

Since we have thus happily met, contrary to all Expectation, I intreat you, Brother, to quit *Epidamnum*, and let us return together to our dear Country.

MENAECHMUS of *Epidamnum*.

I will do whatever you pleaſe from henceforward. I hope our Inclinations will be as like as our Perſons. All my Poſſeſſions here ſhall be ſold; in the mean Time let me make you known to my Friends, and find out, if poſſible, ſome Means of diſtinguiſhing us from each other; come walk into myHouſe.

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.

With all my Heart, I'll follow you every where.

MESSENION.

Stay, Gentlemen, I have a Favour to beg of you, be ſo kind as to prefer the Office of public Crier on this Occaſion upon me.

MENAECHMUS SOSICLES.

'Tis granted.

MESSENION.

If you pleaſe then I will begin from this Time

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Time to publiſh the Sale, on what Day ſhall I fix it?

MENÆCHMUS of *Epidamnum.*

The ſeventh.

MESSENION.

On the ſeventh Day from this in the Morning will be ſold, all the Goods moveable and immoveable, of Mr. *Menæchmus*, his Eſtates, Slaves, and Houſhold Furniture, for ready Money only, and if a Purchaſer can be found for her, he will alſo ſell his Wife. The whole will certainly amount to no leſs than two Hundred Thouſand Crowns. And now farewel, Spectators, favour us with your Applauſe.

End of the Fifth and laſt Act.

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OBSERVATIONS *on the Uſe* Shakeſpear *has made of the* Menæchmus *of* Plautus, *in his* Comedy of Errors.

SHAKESPEAR's Comedy of Errors has been generally allowed to be founded on the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*. Mr. *Langbain*, in his Account of the Dramatic Poets, ſays that if it be not a juſt Tranſlation of it, it is at leaſt a Paraphraſe, and in his Opinion far beyond a Tranſlation, called *Menæchmus*, Printed at *London*, 1593.

From this Tranſlation of *Plautus's Menæchmi*, *Shakeſpear* certainly borrowed his *Comedy of Errors*; but not being able to procure a Copy of it, and being wholly unacquainted with the *Latin* Tongue, I have turned Monſieur *Gueudiville's French* Tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* into *Engliſh*, which although, as I am informed, it be not very literal as to the Dialogue, yet the Plot, the Incidents, and Characters, being exactly the ſame with the *Latin* Poet's, it will ſerve to ſhew how much of the Plot *Shakeſpear* has borrowed in his *Comedy of Errors*.

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That we may be the better able to trace him in his Imitations, it will be neceſſary to examine the *Comedy of Errors* Scene by Scene, and take the Story a little higher than the Commencement of the Action of the Play.

The Cities of *Syracuſe* and *Epheſus* being at War with each other, a Law was made in both, by which it was provided, that if any *Epheſian* Merchant was ſeen to traffic in *Syracuſe*, or any *Syracuſan* Merchant in *Epheſus*, his Goods ſhould be confiſcated, and himſelf condemned to Death.

An old Merchant of *Syracuſe*, named *Ægeon*, landing at *Epheſus*, is apprehended upon this Law.

Here the Action of the Play begins, as *Ægeon* is leading to Priſon, the Duke of *Epheſus* meeting him, demands the Cauſe of his having left his native Country, and coming to *Epheſus*; *Ægeon* thereupon gives a long Account of himſelf and his Family, which, in order to underſtand well the following Incidents, I will tranſcribe.

In *Syracuſa* was I born, and wed
Unto a Woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our Hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in Joy, our Wealth increas'd,
By proſperous Voyages I often made
To *Epidamnum*, 'till my Factor's Death;
And

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And he great Store of Goods at random leaving,
Drew me from kind Embracements of my Spouſe;
From whom my Abſence was not ſix Months old,
Before herſelf (almoſt at fainting under
The pleaſing Puniſhment that Women bear)
Had made Proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon and ſafe arrived where I was.

There ſhe had not been long but ſhe became,
A joyful Mother of two goodly Sons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by Names.

That very Hour, and in the ſelf-ſame Inn,
A poor mean Woman was deliver'd
Of ſuch a Burthen, Male-Twins both alike:
Thoſe (for their Parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up to attend my Sons.

My Wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch Boys,
Made daily Motions for our home Return:
Unwilling I agreed, alas! too ſoon!
We came aboard.

A League from *Epidamnum* had we ſail'd,
Before the always-Wind-obeying Deep,
Gave any tragic Inſtance of our Harm;

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But longer did we not retain much Hope:
For what obſcured Light the Heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful Minds,
A doubtful Warrant of immediate Death;
Which though myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant Weeping of my Wife,
Weeping before for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
And piteous Plainings of the pretty Babes
That mourn'd for Faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek Delays for them and me:
And this it was (for other Means were none)
The Sailors ſought for Safety by our Boat,
And left the Ship then ſinking-ripe to us;
My Wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare Maſt,
Such as Sea-faring Men provide for Storms;
To him one of the other Twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.

The Children thus diſpos'd, my Wife and I
Fixing our Eyes on whom our Care was fixt,
Faſten'd ourſelves at the End of either Maſt,
And floating ſtreight, obedient to the Stream,
Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.

At length the Sun gazing upon the Earth,
Diſperſt thoſe Vapours that offended us;
And by the Benefit of his wiſh'd Light,
The Seas wax'd calm, and we diſcover'd
Two Ships from far making amain to us;
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;

But

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But ere they came——Oh! let me say no more;
Gather the Sequel by what went before.

DUKE.

Nay, forward, old Man, do not break off so,
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

ÆGEON.

Oh! had the Gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us;
For ere the Ships could meet by twice five Leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty Rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpleſs Ship was ſplitted in the midſt:
So that in this unjuſt Divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.

Her Part, poor Soul! ſeeming as burden'd
With leſſer Weight, but not with leſſer Woe,
Was carry'd with more Speed before the Wind,
And in our Sight they three were taken up
By Fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.

At length the other Ship had ſeiz'd on us,
And knowing whom it was their Hap to ſave,
Gave helpful Welcome to their ſhipwreck'd Gueſts,
And would have reft the Fiſhers of their Prey,

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Had not their Bark been very slow of Sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their Course.

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my Bliss.
Thus by Misfortunes was my Life prolong'd,
To tell sad Stories of my own Mishaps.

DUKE.

And for the Sakes of them thou sorrow'st for,
Do me the Favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

ÆGEON.

My youngest Boy, and yet my eldest Care,
At eighteen Years became inquisitive
After his Brother, and importun'd me
That his Attendant, (for his Case was like,
Reft of his Brother, but retain'd his Name,)
Might bear him Company in quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd for a Love to see,
I hazarded the Loss of whom I lov'd.

Five Summers have I spent in farthest *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the Bounds of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*:
Hapless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
Or that, or any Place that harbours Men.
But here must end the Story of my Life;
And happy were I in my timely Death,
Could all my Travels warrant me they live.

Here

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Here ends the firſt Scene; the Appearance of *Ægeon* is of no other Uſe than to tell the Spectators ſeveral Circumſtances antecedent to the Action of the Play, which it is neceſſary they ſhould be acquainted with; this *Plautus* does in his Prologue.

The Story, though borrowed from *Plautus*, is yet very different; the Circumſtance of two Brothers being ſo extremely like each other, that it was impoſſible to diſtinguiſh them, is highly improbable in the *Latin* Poet.

Shakeſpear however doubles the Miracle, and preſents us with two Pair of Twins inſtead of one, with the ſame wonderful Reſemblance.

Plautus accounts very naturally for the Brothers having both the ſame Name; the Grandfather upon the Loſs of the eldeſt, whom he loved beſt, to preſerve the Remembrance of him, gives his Name to the youngeſt.

Shakeſpear, without aſſigning any Reaſon for it, makes the Twin Sons of *Ægeon* be both called *Antipholis*, and the Twin Brothers, their Slaves, both *Dromio*.

The Separation of the Huſband and Wife, and their Children, from whence all the diverting Miſtakes in the *Comedy of Errors* ariſe, is brought about without the leaſt Regard to Probability.

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Ægeon ſails from *Syracuſe* to *Epidamnum*, to ſettle his Affairs there, which were left in Confuſion by the Death of his Factor, and his Wife, though near the Time of her Lying-in, follows him, for no Reaſon indeed but to be delivered at an Inn, where a poor Woman, who like her, having born two Male Twins, ſhe may buy them for Slaves to her own Sons; and that returning to *Syracuſe* they may be ſhipwrecked, and ſeparated from each other.

When the Storm ariſes the Merchant and his Wife, who, as it ſhou'd ſeem, have a View to the diverting Perplexities which are to follow, faſten one *Antipholis*, and one *Dromio* together, ſo when the Ship ſplits they are very conveniently ſeparated. Had they, like other fond Parents, been more ſollicitous for the Preſervation of their own Offspring than their little Slaves, and uſed their joint Endeavours for that Purpoſe only, the Father and Mother, and their Twin Sons, might have been all taken up together by the *Corinthian* Veſſel, but thus equally dividing their Affection between their Children and their Slaves, and that excellent Contrivance of faſtening a Twin of each Sort together, occaſioned their falling into different Hands, and gave to each *Antipholis* his *Dromio*, for the future Buſineſs of the Play.

The Mother and the elder *Antipholis* being ſeparated, he and his little Slave *Dromio* are

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are carried to *Epheſus*, where in Proceſs of Time he is married to a rich Lady, and ſettles there: Here the younger *Antipholis* comes to ſeek for his Brother, and his Father afterwards for him; the old Man is immediately ſeized, and condemned to die, as has been mentioned, but the Duke reſpites him for the Space of one Day, in order to try if he can raiſe the Sum of one Thouſand Marks to buy his Life.

In the ſecond Scene *Antipholis* of *Syracuſe* makes his Appearance with the Merchant of the City, who informing him of what had happened to the *Syracuſan* Merchant, adviſes him to give out that he came from *Epidamnum*.

Antipholis of *Syracuſe* ſends his Man, *Dromio*, with a Thouſand Marks to lay up ſafe at his Inn, and being left to himſelf, declares the Cauſe of his wandering about the World to be the Hopes of finding his Mother and Brother, whoſe Loſs he deplores. While he is ſtanding in the Street, *Dromio* of *Epheſus* comes up to him, and taking him for his Maſter, tells him his Dinner is ready, and that his Wife waits for him.

Antipholis, deceived by the Reſemblance, ſuppoſes this *Dromio* to be his Slave, reproves him for his ill timed Jeſts, and aſks him where he had left his Money? *Dromio* talks of Sixpence he had given him two or three Days ago.

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Antipholis aſks for his Thouſand Marks? *Dromio* tells him of his Dinner, his Houſe, his Wife, and preſſes him to come home. *Antipholis* at laſt, in a Fury, ſtrikes him, *Dromio* runs off, and *Antipholis*, full of Uneaſineſs about his Money, returns to his Inn to look after it.

In the ſecond Act the Scene is the Houſe of *Antipholis* of *Epheſus*, his Wife complains to her Siſter of her Huſband's long Stay, and wonders the Slave ſhe ſent for him is not returned. *Dromio* then enters, and humorouſly repeats what had paſt between his ſuppoſed Maſter and him, declaring that he believes him to be mad, the Wife frets, and orders him to go back again and fetch him.

The Scene changes again to the Street, *Antipholis* of *Syracuſe* enters, and informs the Audience that his Money is ſafe, and adds,

" By Computation, and mine Hoſt's Report
" I cou'd not ſpeak with *Dromio* ſince at firſt
" I ſent him from the Mart."

Yet notwithſtanding this Reflexion, the Moment his own Slave, *Dromio* of *Syracuſe*, appears, he reproaches him with his having denied receiving his Gold, and with talking to him about his Wife, and a Dinner; and though the poor Fellow aſſures him that he never ſpoke ſuch Words to him, and had not ſeen

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ſeen him ſince he ſent him to the Inn till now, yet *Antipholis* falls into a Rage, and beats him.

A Dialogue of Puns and Quibbles enſues between the Maſter and Man, which is interrupted by the Entrance of *Adriana*, the Wife of *Antipholis* of *Epheſus*, and her Siſter.

Adriana, taking this *Antipholis*, and this *Dromio*, for her Huſband and his Slave, reproaches him with his Neglect of her, and intreats him to come home to dinner.

Antipholis proteſts he does not know her, and that he is but juſt arrived at *Epheſus*; the Siſter chides him, and tells him his Wife had ſent for him home to Dinner by *Dromio*. *Dromio* is ſurpriſed, and denies it. *Antipholis*, who had had that Meſſage delivered to him by the other *Dromio*, ſtorms at the Slave for lying, the Fellow aſſures him he had never ſeen her. *Antipholis* aſks how ſhe could be acquainted with their Names if he had not ſeen her before, and informed her of them. *Adriana*, vexed at this Jeſting, as ſhe thinks it, intreats *Antipholis* to go home with her, and charges *Dromio* to keep the Gate for that Day, and let no one in to interrupt them.

Antipholis, though amazed to the laſt Degree at all this, reſolves at laſt to

" Say

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" Say as they ſay, and perſevere ſo,
" And in this Miſt at all Adventures go."

In the third Act, the Scene is the Street before the Houſe of *Antipholis* of *Epheſus*. *Antipholis* of *Epheſus*, and his Slave *Dromio*, with a Merchant and a Goldſmith, whom *Antipholis* has invited to dine at his Houſe enter.

Antipholis, fearing leſt his Wife ſhould be angry at his long Stay, deſires the Jeweller to excuſe it, by ſaying that he lingered at his Houſe ſeeing the making of her Bracelet, and chides his Man for having dared to tell him he met him on the Mart, and charged him with a Thouſand Marks in Gold, and with having denied his Wife and Houſe. He then knocks at his Door, but is refuſed Entrance.

Adriana, who ſuppoſes her Huſband is dining with her above, is ſurpriſed at the Fellow below, who calls her Wife, and inſiſts upon Admittance, and renews her Orders to *Dromio* of *Syracuſe* to keep the Door ſhut.

A ſmart Dialogue follows between the two *Dromio*'s, the one within Doors and the other without; the Huſband and his Gueſts not being ſuffered to enter, he reſolves to go and dine with a Courtezan at the *Porcupine*, and deſires the Jeweller to bring the Gold Chain thither to him, that as he ſays, he may, to ſpight his Wife, beſtow it upon the Courtezan, and accordingly they all go off.

In

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In the next Scene *Antipholis* of *Syracuse* makes Love to *Luciana*, Sister to *Adriana*, she upbraids him with his Falshood to his Wife; he swears he is not married to her Sister, and that he cannot be happy without her. *Luciana* threatens to acquaint his Wife with his Treachery, and leaves him.

His Slave, *Dromio*, then enters, and *Antipholis*, from the strange Accidents that had happened both to himself and his Slave, believing the Place inhabited by Witches, resolves to be gone immediately, and orders *Dromio* to go to the Harbour, and bring him Intelligence if any Bark was to sail that Night, telling him he will walk in the Mart till his Return.

Dromio goes away to perform his Commission; and the same Moment the Jeweller, *Angelo*, enters with the Chain, and gives it to *Antipholis* of *Syracuse*, whom he takes for the other.

Antipholis denies that he had ever ordered such a Chain to be made, but the Jeweller insisting that he had, and telling him that he will call in the Evening at his House for the Money: *Antipholis* offers to pay him immediately, lest, as he says, he should never see the Chain or Money more, which the Jeweller refusing, and leaving him, *Antipholis* goes to the Mart to wait for *Dromio*, which ends the third Act.

In

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In the fourth Act a Merchant, to whom the Goldſmith, *Angelo*, owes a Sum of Money, demands inſtant Payment, or threatens to arreſt him by an Officer, whom he has with him. *Angelo* tells him *Antipholis* owed him juſt as much Money as he was indebted to him for a Gold Chain, which he had delivered to him a Moment ago, and deſired him to go with him to his Houſe to receive the Money for it.

Antipholis of *Epheſus*, and his Slave, *Dromio*, enter, as from the Houſe of the Courtezan, where they had dined. *Antipholis* orders *Dromio* to go and buy a Rope's-end, that he may chaſtiſe his Wife, he ſays, for locking him out of Doors, and that in the mean Time he will go to the Goldſmith; but ſeeing him, he reproaches him with not bringing the Chain as he had promiſed.

Angelo deſires him to pay the Money for the Chain to the Merchant there preſent, to whom he owes as much. *Antipholis* replies, that he has not ſo much Money about him, but bids the Jeweller take the Gentleman and Chain to his Houſe, and his Wife would pay for it. *Angelo* ſays he gave him the Chain, and preſſes him to pay for it. *Antipholis* denies it. The Merchant, weary of this Altercation, arreſts the Jeweller, and he arreſts *Antipholis*.

Dromio of *Syracuſe* then enters, and taking *Antipholis* of *Epheſus* for his Maſter, tells him that a Ship is ready to ſail, and that he had carried

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carried their Baggage on board as he commanded him. *Antipholis* calls him a Madman, and aſks him for the Rope's-end, which he had ſent him to buy: *Dromio* tells him he ſent him to the Bay to ſee if any Bark was ready to ſail, not for a Rope.

Antipholis, in a Paſſion, threatens him with future Puniſhment, and then orders him to go to *Adriana*, tell her he was arreſted in the Street, and give her the Key of his Deſk, and bid her ſend the Purſe of Ducats that was in it to him. *Dromio* remembers that *Adriana* is the Lady with whom they had dined, and accordingly he goes thither, tells her what had happened, and ſhe diſpatches him away with the Gold.

The Scene then changes to the Street, *Antipholis* of *Syracuſe* enters alone, and a Moment after *Dromio* of *Syracuſe* meets him, and gives him the Purſe. *Antipholis*, full of Wonder, queſtions his Man about it, and he talking enigmatically of Arreſts and Durance, *Antipholis* thinks him diſtracted, and prays earneſtly to be delivered out of that City.

The Courtezan then enters, and ſeeing the Gold Chain about *Antipholis*'s Neck, whom ſhe takes for *Antipholis* of *Epheſus*, who had dined with her, ſhe requires him to perform his Promiſe, and give her the Chain inſtead of the Diamond Ring he had taken from her. *Antipholis* flies from her, and *Dromio* follows.

The

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The Courtezan, from this strange Behaviour, concluding him mad, resolves to go to his House, and tell *Adriana* that he had forcibly taken her Ring from her, hoping to recover it again by this Means. She goes out, and *Antipholis* of *Ephesus* enters with the Jaylor, whom he had desired to accompany him to his own House for Money to release him. As they are going thither *Dromio* of *Ephesus* returns with the Rope he had been sent to buy; his Master asks him for the Money he went to fetch from *Adriana*. *Dromio* protests he had been sent not for Money, but for a Rope's-end. *Antipholis*, violently enraged, beats him, and whilst he is thus employed, his Wife, whom the Courtezan had alarmed with an Account of his being mad, enters with one *Pinch*, a Conjurer, whom she employed to cure her Husband of his Frenzy.

Antipholis growing furious at this Treatment, his Wife calls for People to bind him, the Jaylor opposes it, he being his Prisoner, but upon *Adriana*'s promising to pay him, he suffers *Antipholis* to be carried off: And as *Adriana* is going out with the rest, *Antipholis* and *Dromio* of *Syracuse* enters with their Swords drawn, and they supposing him to be the *Antipholis* who they had just before sent away bound, crying out for Help, and *Antipholis* and *Dromio* again set out for the Port.

In

In the fifth Act the Scene is a Street before a Priory, the Jeweller, and Merchant who arreſted him appear, and while they are diſcourſing about *Antipholis*'s denying that he received the Chain, *Antipholis* and *Dromio* of *Syracuſe* enter. *Angelo*, ſeeing him with the Chain about his Neck, reproaches him with having denied the Receipt of it, and refuſing to pay for it. *Antipholis* proteſts he neither denied the one or the other; the Merchant hereupon taxes him with Faſhood, *Antipholis* draws his Sword, and as the Merchant and he are fighting, *Adriana* enters, cries out that he is mad, and orders ſome People ſhe had brought with her to bind both him and *Dromio*, and carry them home. *Antipholis* and *Dromio* to avoid this, take Shelter in the Monaſtery, and immediately the Lady Abbeſs appears, and demands the Cauſe of the others thronging thither.

Adriana tells her that her Huſband, who ran into her Houſe, is mad, and that ſhe wants to have him fetched from thence, and carried home. The Abbeſs, after cunningly queſtioning her concerning her Behaviour to her Huſband, and taking Advantage of her Anſwers, to prove that ſhe had occaſioned his Diſorders, declares that ſhe will not let him depart, but undertake the Cure herſelf.

The Duke that Moment, who is attending the Execution of old *Ægeon*, enters, and *Adriana*, throwing herſelf at his Feet, demands

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mands Juſtice againſt the Abbeſs, whom ſhe accuſes of keeping her Huſband from her, and recounts all the mad Actions he had been guilty of that Day. The Duke ſends to bid the Lady Abbeſs come out and anſwer to this Accuſation, and in the mean Time a Servant of *Adriana*'s enters, and tells her that his Maſter and *Dromio*, who had been left bound at home, had broken looſe, and committed the moſt terrible Outrages on the Doctor and Servants at home. *Adriana*, who had ſeen him, as ſhe thought, go into the Priory a few Minutes before, inſiſts upon it that this Report is falſe, when immediately *Antipholis* and *Dromio* of *Epheſus* enter.

Antipholis complains to the Duke of his Wife's having locked him out of Doors; ſhe declares that he had dined with her that Day; *Antipholis* goes on to relate all that had happened to him. The Jeweller, the Merchant, the Courtezan, his Wife, and her Siſter, having been all deceived by the Reſemblance of the two *Antipholis*'s, charge the one they are ſpeaking to with all that had paſſed between them and the other; this occaſions a great deal of Confuſion and Perplexity. Old *Ægeon*, on ſeeing *Antipholis* of *Epheſus*, and taking him for his Son *Antipholis*, whom he had parted from ſeven Years before in the Port of *Syracuſe*, tells the Duke that he has now found a Friend who will pay his Fine, and ſave his Life, and accordingly goes up to him, and naming him, aſks him if he does not know his Father.

Antipholis

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Antipholis proteſts he never ſaw him before; the old Man reminds him that it is ſeven Years ſince they parted at *Syracuſe*, and deplores his own Miſery in having been ſo ſoon forgotten by his own Son. *Antipholis* tells him he never ſaw his Father in his Life, nor was ever in *Syracuſe*, which the Duke confirmed.

In the midſt of this new Perplexity the Abbeſs enters with *Antipholis* and *Dromio* of *Syracuſe*, all ſtand amazed at the exact Likeneſs of the two Gentlemen, and their Slaves; the Abbeſs ſpying *Ægeon*, owns herſelf to be *Emilia*, his Wife, the Mother of thoſe two *Antipholis*'s, and informs him that ſhe and the elder *Antipholis*, with the Twin *Dromio*, were taken out of the Sea by Men of *Epidamnum*, but that ſome Fiſhermen of *Corinth* took away her Son and *Dromio*, and left her with the *Epidamniens*, that what became of them afterwards ſhe never knew, but that herſelf arrived to the Fortune of being Abbeſs of that Priory.

The two *Antipholis*'s being now diſcovered, all the Miſtakes which aroſe from their Reſemblance are cleared up, *Ægeon* has his Life given him by the Duke, and they all go into the Priory to diſcourſe more at large upon their ſeveral Fortunes.

The Unity of Time is exactly obſerved in the *Comedy of Errors*; the Incidents of this

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Play take up the Space of one Day like those of the *Menæchmi*; but the Action which in the last is single, and the most simple that can possibly be, is by *Shakespear* multiplied into several, some of which are far from being either probable or necessary. He has taken all the Characters in the *Menæchmi*, except *Peniculus* the Parasite, and the old Man, Father-in-law to *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnum*, and has added several others; every one of the Incidents he has likewise made Use of, but varied and added Circumstances so freely, that his Play seems to be rather an Imitation, than, as *Langbain* calls it, a Translation or Paraphrase of the *Menæchmi*.

The Addition of the two *Dromio*'s increases the Business of the Play, but renders the Object still more improbable, which is sufficiently so in the *Menæchmi*, where but half the Degree of Credulity is necessary to make it be relished.

The Mistakes which arise from the Resemblance of the Twins, are conducted with much less Art by *Shakespear* than *Plautus*.

In the *Latin* Poet all appears the Effects of Chance, in *Shakespear* of Design; the Persons in his Drama are hardly ever introduced with Propriety; they appear on the Stage, and go off again, evidently for no other Purpose than to give Occasion for the Blunders which ensue.

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Thus *Antipholis* of *Syracuſe* being reſolved to leave *Epheſus*, ſends *Dromio* to the Port to ſee if any Veſſel is ready to ſail, and bids him come to him to the Mart, where he will wait his Return, accordingly they ſeparate, and it may now be reaſonably ſuppoſed that *Antipholis* is gone thither, but inſtead of that we find him a Scene or two afterwards ſtanding in the ſame Place, where he is met either by the Wife, the Friends, or the Servants of the other *Antipholis*; and after having with great Difficulty diſengaged himſelf from abundance of perplexing Adventures, again he declares he is going to the Mart, and goes off for that Purpoſe, and again he is found in the ſame Place to give Riſe to new ones.

In this Manner the whole Buſineſs of the *Comedy of Errors* is conducted. Thoſe Errors do not as in the Play, which *Shakeſpear* borrowed from, ariſe out of a natural and probable Succeſſion of Incidents, but every Thing is put out of its Courſe to introduce them, and each Error is produced by an Abſurdity.

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The Story of Amleth, *tranſlated from the* Daniſh *Hiſtory of* Saxo-Grammaticus.

IN the Reign of *Roderic*, *Horwendil* and *Fengo*, Sons of *Gerwendil*, had the Garriſon of *Jutland* committed to them by the King. *Horwendil* was the braveſt Pirate on the Sea, and for the Fame of his Exploits envied by *Coller*, King of *Norway*, who ſailed in purſuit of his Rival; they met, they fought, and the King was ſlain.

The Encounter of theſe Heroes, with the extraordinary Manner of their Meeting each other alone in the Receſſes of a Wood, with other Circumſtances as improbable as any in Romance, are related in the true Stile of ſuch Writings, by *Saxo-Grammaticus*, in the third Book of his *Daniſh* Hiſtory.

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After the Death of *Coller*, and his Sister *Selam*, *Horwendil*, having for three Years given the greatest Proofs of Valour, destines his rich Spoils and choice Prey for *Roderic*, that he might rise in his Friendship. Grown familiar, he obtains his Daughter, *Geruth*, in Marriage, and by her had a Son, *Amleth*.

Fengo, fired with Envy at his Brother's Happiness, is resolved, by Treachery, to ruin him. So that Virtue is not always secure against the Designs of such as are the nearest to, and the most intimate with us. For when an Opportunity offered to commit Fratricide, he with bloody Hand satiates the dire Lust of his Heart, poisoned with Envy; and enjoying the Wife of his murdered Brother, adds foul Incest to his Fratricide. He who submits to one Offence too readily offends again, for one Crime is often the Provocation to another.

He contrived this Villany with such Art and Impudence as to frame an Excuse for his Guilt from counterfeit Benevolence, and give to Fratricide the Colour of Love. *Geruth* was of so mild a Disposition as never to give the least Offence, and yet he said she had incurred the severest Hatred of her Husband, and that he had killed his Brother for her sake, and to save her, thinking it ungenerous so gentle a Lady, and without Gall, should endure the extream Moroseness of that Man.

His Success was equal to his Wishes, for Princes may be deceived, and made to believe Untruths

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Untruths in Courts where Buffoonery is sometimes favoured, and malicious Detraction honoured. *Fenga* hesitated not with murderous Hands to embrace a Brother's Wife, and with equal Villany commits a double Impiety.

Amleth sees this, but that he might not raise Suspicions in his Uncle by an overprudent Care for his own Safety, puts on the Guise of Folly, and feigns himself distracted, and by this Sort of Device he not only covers his Design, but saves himself. He lazily stretched himself out every Day before his Mother's Hearth, rolling on the Ground, and covering himself with Filth; his Face discoloured and besmeared with Gore and Nastiness, presented the ridiculous Extravagance of a Natural. Whatever he said was like the Ravings of a Madman; whatever Action he performed savoured of extream Ignorance. In short, you would not say he was a Man, but a ridiculous Monster, produced by Fortune in a Frenzy.

Sometimes sitting by the Fire, and raking the Embers with his Hand, he would make wooden Hooks, and harden them in the Fire, and fasten the Ends within one another, that they might hold more firmly together; and when asked what he was about, would say he made sharp Spikes to revenge his Father.

He was not a little laughed at for this Answer. The Vanity of such a ridiculous Performance was treated with Contempt by all,

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though it afterwards was of Use to him in the Prosecution of his Design.

This Ingenuity gave to those of better Judgment the first Suspicion of his Subtilty. The latent Ability of the Workman for greater Matters was seen by his Skill in lesser ones. Nor could it be thought that his Senses were impaired, who by the Work of his Hands discovered such ingenious Artifice. Besides, he preserved his Heap of Brands that he had burnt at the Points to make them hard with the greatest Care.

There were those, who asserting that he was of uncommon Strength and Quickness of Parts, that he hid his good Sense under the Pretence of Folly, and covered the deep Design of his Mind with crafty Invention, and that his Advice could not be more readily discovered than by introducing to him at any Time in his Recesses a beautiful Woman, who might call forth his Mind to the Allurements of Love.

So prone is Nature to the Passion of Love, that no Artifice can disguise it, and it is too violent to be interrupted by Policy. And therefore, if his Ignorance were counterfeit he would, when Occasion offered, yield Obedience to the Power of Love.

Certain Companions therefore are employed, who should engage him to ride to distant Parts

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Parts of the Foreſt, and try him with that Temptation.

Amongſt them there happened to be a Youth, who had the ſame Nurſe with *Amleth*, and ſtill preſerved in his Heart the Regard that naturally ariſes in thoſe who are brought up together.

He preferring the Remembrance of former Fellowſhip to the preſent Charge, attends upon *Amleth*, with the reſt of his appointed Comrades, with a Purpoſe to inform rather than betray him; which he could not doubt would happen at laſt if he diſcovered the leaſt Sign of a ſound Mind, and eſpecially if he ſhould openly indulge the Paſſion of Love.

Which was no Secret to *Amleth* himſelf; for when commanded to get on Horſeback he purpoſely ſeats himſelf ſo as to turn his Back to the Horſe's Head, and face his Tail, to which he began to apply the Bridle, as if he was by that Part to govern the Speed of his Horſe. By means of this Contrivance he baffles the Deſign of his Uncle, and defeats his Arts. It was very ridiculous to ſee the Horſe go forward without the uſual Check of the Reins, the Rider directing only the Tail.

Amleth in the Way met with a Wolf amongſt the Trees; his Companions ſaying they had met with a young Horſe, he replied there were few ſuch in *Fengo*'s Troops; by

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this modeſt and witty Prevarication he rallied the Riches of his Uncle.

When they added that he had made a ſenſible Anſwer; he affirmed that he intended that he might ſo to do, not in any Degree ſeem to favour a Falſhood. For deſiring to be thought incapable of lying, he blended Craft and Truth together that he might not ſeem entirely to deviate from Veracity in whatever he ſaid, nor diſcover the Richneſs of his Parts by too much Exactneſs.

Paſſing along the Shore, when his Companions found the Rudder of a ſhip-wrecked Veſſel, they ſaid they had found a Knife of prodigious Size: It is therefore fit, ſays he, to cut up a large Ham, meaning the Sea indeed, to which the Size of the Rudder did well agree. Paſſing alſo by the ſandy Clifts, and being directed to look upon the Beach, as if it were Corn, he ſaid the ſame was ground by the foaming Billows of the Sea. This Anſwer being commended by his Attendant, he aſſured them it was diſcreetly ſaid by him.

Being left by them on Purpoſe, that he might with greater Freedom indulge his Luſt, in a private Place he meets a Girl, ſent by his Uncle, as if it were by Chance, and would have lain with her, had not the Foſter-brother warned him of the Snare by a ſecret kind of Information.

For

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For he, considering how he might best discharge the Office of an unknown Monitor to his Friend, and prevent the Danger of his wanton Appetite, fixed a Straw he found on the Ground in the Tail of a Buzze, or Bee, flying by, and drove him towards the Place where he knew *Amleth* was. By this Act he conferred the greatest Benefit on the unguarded Youth.

Nor was this Notice more cunningly conveyed than readily understood; for *Amleth* seeing the Fly, and the Straw that he carried in his Tail, and having carefully considered it to be a tacit Admonition to beware of Frauds: Alarmed therefore with the Suspicion of injurious Designs against him, that he might more securely indulge his Wishes, he catching the Girl in his Arms, carries her a considerable Distance into a Marsh, and unfrequented, and after Enjoyment earnestly intreats her not to declare it to any one.

With equal Concern therefore is Silence urged and obtained. For their being brought up together under the same Guardians from their Infancy, produced the greatest Familiarity between her and *Amleth*.

Upon his Return home, being asked by every one whether he had gratified his Lust, he owned he had lain with the Girl. Being asked again in what Place he had done it, or what Pillow he had used, answered, The Hoof

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of an Animal that carries a Burthen, § the Comb of a Cock, and under an arched Roof. He had put all theſe Particulars, when under Trial, that he might avoid the telling a Lie. This Account excited much Laughter in thoſe about him, although, for the Jeſt ſake, he did not diminiſh any Thing of the Truth.

The Girl alſo being queſtioned (kept her Word with him) and declared he had done nothing. Credit is given her, and the rather, as it appeared that his Guards knew nothing of the matter. Then he who had marked the Buzze for a Token, to ſhew that the Safety of *Amleth* was owing to his Conceit, ſaid that he was lately the only one who took Care of him, and that the young Man's Anſwer was to the Purpoſe.

Nor was the Merit of the Token forgot: he related how he ſaw the little Carrier of the Straw with haſty Flight paſſing near him, and that the Straw was ſtuck in the hinder Parts of his Body. As this Relation excited greater Laughter in the reſt, the Friend of *Amleth* was no leſs delighted with his Prudence.

All of them being defeated, and unable to gain Admittance into the Secrets of this young Man's Stratagems; one of the Friends of *Fengo*, more preſumptuous than politic, deni-

§ Oeſtrus or Oeſtrum has a double Signification, either a Gad-bee as above, or a Coxcomb, as in this Place.

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ed that this unextricable Scheme of Subtilty could be unravelled by common Artifice; for he was too obſtinate to be moved by Trials of little Moment: An ordinary manner of Trial would not reach ſuch Variety of Craft. But he had diſcovered by ſuperior Sagacity a more ſubtle Manner of trying him, not improper for Execution, but moſt effectual for the Diſcovery of the Thing propoſed.

The Scheme was this, "That *Fengo* ſhould under the Pretence of Buſineſs of great Conſequence withdraw himſelf, and *Amleth* be ſhut up with his Mother alone in her Apartment, Care being taken to have a Man, who unknown to either of them, ſhould be placed in ſome ſecret Part of the Room unſeen, to hear attentively whatever paſſed in Converſation between them. For if the Son was really in his Senſes he would have no Difficulty in ſpeaking freely to a Mother's Ear, nor miſtruſt the Fidelity of her that bore him. And that he might not ſeem more forward to adviſe than ready to execute, he deſired himſelf to be the Spy.

Fengo approved the Scheme, and lets out with the Pretence of taking a long Journey.

Mean while the Projector having privately ſtole to the Chamber where *Amleth* and his Mother were, lay hid under the Matt of the Bed.

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But *Amleth* was not the Dupe of this Treachery. For ſuſpecting that he might be overheard by ſome officious Liſtener, he has at firſt Recourſe to his accuſtomed Folly, and imitates the crowing of a Cock, and flapping his Arms as if they were Wings, he jumps up and down upon the Bed to try if any Thing lay hid there. And when he found a Maſs under his Feet he examined the Place with his Sword; and ſtabs the Man who was underneath, and dragging him forth put him to Death. Cutting the Body in Pieces, he boils them, and pours them out through the Sewer to be devoured by the Hogs.

And thus was the miſerable Body rendered undiſtinguiſhable from the Dung of the Stye.

Having eſcaped this Snare, he returns to his Mother's Apartment, and when ſhe with great Lamentation and Tears began to bemoan the want of Underſtanding in her Son now preſent, "Why; O! worſt of Women, ſays he, doſt thou endeavour to diſguiſe the fouleſt Crime under a falſe Species of Wailing? Thou, who ſporting with the Wantonneſs of a Strumpet, and yielding to the vile and impious Condition of your ſecond Marriage, embrace in your inceſtuous Boſom the Murderer of your Huſband, and fawn upon, and pleaſe with lewdeſt Tranſport the very Man who put to death the Father of your Offſpring; ſo Mares are coupled with Horſes that ſubdued their Foremates. It is for Beaſts alone to be dragged

dragged to any, and to every Male. By this Example it appears that you have loſt all Memory of your former Huſband. It is not without Reaſon that I bear the Reſemblance of a Fool; for I cannot doubt that he who could deſtroy a Brother would with like Cruelty rage againſt his other Kindred. It is ſafer to wear the Garb of Folly than of Senſe, and I muſt borrow a Safeguard from the loweſt Species of Madneſs. Yet the Care of revenging my Father is ever preſent to my Mind, but I wait for Times and Seaſons. The ſame Place ſuits not with every Scene or Purpoſe againſt a dark and cruel Mind, much Thought is requiſite. But for you to lament my Madneſs is vain, when you ought rather to deplore your own Infamy; you ſhould therefore not lament another's but your own Failing, for the reſt be on your Guard and keep the ſtricteſt Silence. By ſuch Reproach did he endeavour to recall his Heart-rent Mother to the Practice of former Habits of Virtue, and to teach her to prefer the former Flames of chaſter Love to the preſent criminal Tranſports."

Fengo returns, and of every one, and every where enquires for his injudicious Spy; but he is no more to be found, nor does any one remember to have ſeen him. *Amleth*, in jeſt, is aſked whether he could diſcover any Tracts of him; and replies, "that he went in at the Sewer, fell to the Bottom, was kept down by the Mud, and devoured by the Hogs, who thronged to the Draught." Which Declara-

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tion, though true, seeming idle and foolish, was treated as ridiculous.

When *Fengo* no longer doubted of the Subtilty of his Son-in-law, he resolved to destroy him, but was afraid to execute his Purpose on account of his Grandfather, *Roderic*, and the Displeasure of his own Wife. To cover his Guilt by the Service of another, he purposes to have him destroyed by means of the King of *Britain*. Thus desirous of concealing his Cruelty, he chuses rather to pollute his Friend than to be thought infamous himself.

Amleth, departing in secret, directs his Mother to furnish the Hall with Hangings well knotted together, and at the Expiration of a Year to report him dead, and celebrate his funeral Obsequies, and at that very time he promises to return.

He is attended by two of *Fengo*'s Officers, bearing Letters inscribed on Wood (for that was once a famous Manner of Writing) by which it was given in Charge to the King of *Britain* to destroy the young Man that was sent to him.

Whilst these Officers slept, *Amleth* examining their Baggage discovers these Tablets; having read them, he rubs out what was written therein, and inserting other Characters, changes the Tenor of the Mandate from his own Destruction to the Death of his Attendants.

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tendants. Nor ſatisfied with this Alteration, whereby he ſaves his own Life and expoſes that of his Guards, he adds, as the earneſt Entreaty of *Fengo*, that the King of *Britain* would beſtow his Daughter in Marriage upon that Youth he had ſent him, who was moſt wiſe and prudent.

When they came to *Britain* the Envoys waited on the King, and preſented the Inſtrument for their own Deſtruction, though they thought it threatned not them but their Companion.

The King, taking no Notice to them of the Inſtructions delivered him, entertains them with great Magnificence and Hoſpitality, when *Amleth*, deſpiſing the Splendor of the royal Tables as if they contained but common Food, abſtains in a ſurpriſing Manner from the richeſt Exhibition of Dainties, both in Meats and Drinks.

All admired that a Youth of foreign Extract ſhould nauſeate the choiceſt Dainties of the royal Board and moſt excellent Luxury, as if it were coarſe and homely Fare.

The Banquet ended, the King diſmiſſed his Friends that they might retire to Reſt, but took Care, by one ſent privately and hid in their Apartments, to be informed of the Converſation of his Gueſts. When *Amleth* being aſked by his Comrades why he abſtained from the Entertainment of Yeſterday as from Poiſon?

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Poison? "replied that the Bread was sprinkled with the Contagion of Blood, that the Wine tasted of the Sword, that the animal Food savoured of the Corpse of a dead Man, and was as offensive as the Smell of a Sepulchre."

He added "that the King had mean Eyes, that the Queen in three Instances resembled a Servant;" railing not only at the Feast but at the Authors of it.

His Companions, upbraiding him with his former want of Understanding, began to abuse him for having found Fault with approved good Things, blamed what was proper, and slandered with indecent Language a great King, and a Queen of refined Manners, and treated with Disgrace and Indignity those who really deserved Applause.

Which Circumstances being related to the King by his Officer, he declared the Wisdom or Madness of him who had related such Things of more than mortal Growth in so few Words to shew such Extent of Knowledge. He sent for the Steward, and enquired of him where he had the Bread, and when he was told that it was made by the Baker to the Household, he asked again where the Corn grew, and if there was any Sign of human Slaughter in that Place?

He answered "that there was a Field not far off covered with the Bones of Men long since slain, yet manifestly exhibiting the Remains of

of ancient Slaughter, which he, with Expectation of greater Plenty, as the richer Soil had sown with Spring Corn, and therefore he did not know whether the Bread might not have contracted a disagreeable Taste."

When the King heard this, believing *Amleth* had spoken Truth, he took Care to know whence the Bacon came.

The Man owned that the Swine, straying from his Care, had fed upon the Carcase of a Thief, and so perhaps the Meat might taste something like Corruption.

When the King found that his Opinion was true, demanded in this Instance likewise with what Liquor he had mixed the Drink? as he knew it to be made of Corn and Water; the Situation of the Spring being shewn him he set about digging, and found many Swords eaten with Rust, from whence he supposed the Water had contracted that Smell.

Others said the Drink was found fault with because in the Draught he had met with Bees that had been bred in the Belly of a dead Man, and tasted of Comb. By which the King, seeing there was sufficient Reason to complain of the Taste of these Things, finding that he himself was reproached on account of his Eyes, and knowing that this must allude to Baseness of Birth, taking his Mother aside, demanded of her who was his Father, she declaring she knew no other than the King, by

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threatning her with Death unleſs ſhe confeſſed; he diſcovered himſelf to be the Son of a Servant.

Thus by the extorted Confeſſion he came to underſtand that his Origin, which had been reflected on, was at leaſt ambiguous. He is confounded with Shame at this Diſcovery of his Condition, but no leſs charmed with the young Man's Wiſdom; and aſked him why he had reproachfully ſlurred the Queen as one of ſervile Manners? But whilſt he laments that the gentle Diſpoſition of his Wife was attacked by the Diſcourſe of his Gueſt in the Night, he learns that her Mother was a waiting Woman; and whereas he ſaid ſhe exhibited three Defects of a ſervile Nature, they are theſe. One, "that ſhe dreſſed her Head in the ſame Manner as Servants do, another, that ſhe tucked up her Gown in walking, the third was, that ſhe picked her Teeth with a Skewer, and eat the Pickings of them. He took Notice that her Mother was reduced to Servitude by becoming a Captive, ſo that ſhe was not leſs ſervile in her Birth than her Manners."

Such Sagacity being reverenced by the King, as if it were divine, he gave him his Daughter in Marriage, and received his Affirmation of any Thing as if it bore the Teſtimony of Heaven. But as for his Companions, that he might perform the Beheſt of his Friends, he hanged them up the next Day, which, though an Advantage, *Amleth* ſeemed to reſent as an Injury, feigning a Diſtreſs of Mind, and received Money by way of Compoſition

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poſition from the King; which he afterwards took Care ſecretly to melt down and pour into hollow Staves.

Having ſtay'd with him a Year, he obtains Leave to depart, and returns home again, taking nothing out of the Magazine of royal Treaſure but the hollow Staves, in which he had poured the Gold. When he arrived at *Jutland*, he reſumed his old Behaviour, changing his late Elegance for the ridiculous Manner he had before employed. And when he entered the Hall, covered with Naſtineſs, where the Funeral Rites were celebrated, he threw every body into great Amazement, becauſe a falſe Report had been ſpread of his Death. At length their Aſtoniſhment was turned into Laughter, and the Gueſts rallied each other upon the Preſence of him alive, to whom they had performed Honours as dead.

When queſtioned concerning his Companions, he ſaid, ſhewing the Staves he held, "Here is both the one and the other;" which was ſaid with equal Wit and Truth, for though it appeared an unmeaning Speech to moſt who heard it, yet ſwerved not from his cuſtomary regard to Truth, ſhewing the Compenſation inſtead of the Men that were executed.

Then mixing with the Waiters, that he might heighten the Mirth of the Table, he ſupplied them with Liquor with more than ordinary Diligence, and that his flowing Habit might not obſtruct his moving up and down, he

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he girt it round him with his Belt, and often with Design, drawing his Sword, he cut his Fingers with the Point; Care therefore was taken by those about him to fasten his Sword in the Scabbard with a Nail.

That he might the more securely effect his Purpose he charged the Nobility with Excess of Liquor, till all were overcome with Drinking, and, unable to walk, were obliged to take up their Rest in the Hall, and sleep where they had been feasting. And when he observed them in a Condition fit for his Designs, believing the Execution of it was in his Power, he puts the Brands he had formerly prepared into his Bosom, and then re-entering the Hall where the Nobles lay stretched on the Ground, oppressed with Sleep and Surfeit, he let fall the Curtain his Mother had wove, by cutting the Lines that held it round the sides of the Room, which he drew over them, and fastened with the Hooks in so artful a Manner, that not one of them, though he strove with never so much Strength, could possibly get up.

After this he sets fire to the Room, which spreading far and wide, soon set the whole House in a Blaze, destroyed the Palace, and burnt all, both those that continued asleep, and those who laboured to rise but in vain. Thence hasting to *Fengo*'s Apartment, who had been before conducted thither by his Attendants, he took his Sword that hung by

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by his Bed, and put his own in its room; then rousing his Uncle, he told him that his Nobles were destroyed by Fire, that *Amleth* was there, and furnished with the Hooks he had formerly made, and was now present with him eager to inflict the Vengeance due for his Father's Death.

On hearing this, *Fengo* jumps from his Bed, and was murdered, while disappointed of his own he vainly endeavours to draw *Amleth*'s Sword. O! brave Man! and worthy everlasting Renown, who, furnishing himself wisely with counterfeit Folly, covered more than human Wisdom under the Guise of a Natural, not only secured his own Safety by that Artifice, but obtained the Means of compleatly revenging his Father, and having so done, it is left for every one to judge which was greater, his Bravery or Wisdom.

The End of the Third Book of the History of *Denmark*, by *SAXO-GRAMMATICUS*.

The next Book opens with the Convention of the Nobles, before whom *Amleth* making an Oration, in which he owns and justifies his Conduct, all are moved, some to Pity, some to Tears, and they proclaim him King.

After this he repairs to *Britain* to revisit his Wife and Father-in-law. The King had long been under an Engagement to revenge any Injury to *Fengo*; and this prevails over his Affection for a Son-in-law; but unwilling to execute this

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this Vengeance himſelf, he ſends him to *Hermutruda*, Queen of *Scotland*, upon an Embaſſy to court her for him, his Wife being dead, and this *Scottiſh* Lady was reported to be of ſo cruel a Temper as to put to Death her Suitors; but ſhe diſcovering the Diſpoſition and Actions of *Amleth*, loves and prevails on him to marry her.

They go to *Britain*, his firſt Wife forgives him, and her Father attacking him with his Forces, is by the *Danes* defeated and ſlain.

Amleth returns home again with both his Wives; where he finds *Viglet*, the Succeſſor of *Roderic*, who was dead. This new Sovereign had ſtript his Mother of her royal Treaſures, and denied the Right of her Son to *Jutland*.

Amleth at laſt is forced to engage him in unequal War, and is ſlain. And the fair *Hermutruda*, who had taken the Camp, and determined to ſhare his Fate, willingly yielded herſelf to the Conqueror's Arms. *Viglet* died in Years, and was ſucceeded by *Wermund*.

OBSER-

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OBSERVATIONS *on the Uſe* Shakeſpear *has made of the foregoing Story in his Tragedy of* Hamlet.

The Fable of the Tragedy of Hamlet.

CLAUDIUS, the reigning King of *Denmark*, having ſecretly murdered his Brother, in order to poſſeſs himſelf of his Throne afterwards, married his Widow; the Ghoſt of the deceaſed King appears to ſome Centinels, who were poſted on the Platform before the Palace; theſe Soldiers tell *Marcellus*, their Officer, what they had ſeen, and he acquainting *Horatio*, the Friend of *Hamlet*, Son to the deceaſed King, with it; theſe two Gentlemen watch one Night on the Platform, with an Intention to ſpeak to the Apparition if it ſhould appear. The Ghoſt at the accuſtomed Hour appears. *Horatio* ſolemnly conjures it to ſpeak, and unfold the Cauſe of its Appearance, but the Ghoſt continues ſilent and ſtalks away.

Horatio thereupon reſolves to tell *Hamlet* what had happened; the Prince, full of Grief for

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for his Father's Death, displeased at his Mother's incestuous Marriage, and discontented with the Behaviour of his Uncle, immediately concludes from this Account of his Father's Spirit appearing that all was not well, and declares to his two Friends that he will watch with them that Night on the Platform, and speak to the Spirit.

Accordingly at Midnight he meets them at the appointed Place, and the Ghost soon after appearing, *Hamlet* in a most earnest and affecting Manner conjures it to speak, and acquaint him with the Cause of its appearing. The Ghost beckens him to follow it; his Companions, apprehending some Danger might happen to his Person, endeavour to retain him, but in vain, *Hamlet* breaks from them and follows the Ghost, who bringing him to a remote Place declares that he is the Spirit of his Father, that he was poisoned in his Garden by his Brother, who lusted for his Wife and Crown; he then charges him to revenge his Murder, and vanishes.

Hamlet vows to fulfil his Commands, and to conceal the Grief and Indignation which prey upon his Heart, and his vowed Purpose of Revenge, counterfeits Madness; which alarming the guilty King, and troubling his Mother, they send for two of his School-fellows to amuse him, and engage him in Diversions to abate the Force of his Melancholy.

Polonius,

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Polonius, an old Lord, very faithful to the King's Interests, and whose Daughter, *Ophelia*, *Hamlet* is in Love with; from her Report of a frantic Visit he made her, concludes he is mad for her; she having, according to his Orders, returned his Letters and Presents, and refused to hear his Professions as usual. *Pollonius*, having as he thought discovered the Cause of *Hamlet*'s Madness, acquaints the King and Queen with his Suspicions: *Ophelia* is designedly thrown in his way, while the King and *Polonius* conceal themselves to hear their Discourse.

Hamlet, after uttering a great many sensible Extravagancies, leaves *Ophelia* firmly convinced of his Madness, which she affectionately deplores; but the King, who had heard all his Discourse, being persuaded that Love was not the Cause of his Melancholy, and that there might be Danger in it, resolves to send him to *England* to demand the Tribute, the Payment of the Tribute which had been long neglected.

Polonius, to whom he communicates this Scheme, approves of it, but advises that the Queen should first send for him, and in a private Conversation intreat him to discover the Cause of his Uneasiness.

The King consents, mean Time *Hamlet* having engaged some Players to represent a Piece something like the Murder of his Father, invites

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invites the King and Queen to the Play; and he doubting that the Spirit that appeared to him might be a lying Spirit, reſoves to make the Play the Teſt of the King's Conſcience; he therefore deſires his Friend, *Horatio*, to join with him in carefully obſerving the King's Countenance during the Repreſentation of one particular Scene, which reſembles the Circumſtance of his Father's Death, adding,

" ————If his occult Guilt
Do not itſelf unkennel in one Speech,
It it a damned Ghoſt that we have ſeen."

Accordingly the King is ſo much ſtruck with that Scene that he riſes abruptly and goes out, by which *Hamlet* is convinced that the Ghoſt had told him nothing but Truth. The Queen then ſends for *Hamlet* with an Intention to queſtion him concerning his late Behaviour, and *Polonius*, with her Conſent, conceals himſelf behind the Arras to hear their Diſcourſe.

The Queen being frighted at her Son's rude Treatment of her, cries out for Help, *Polonius* behind the Arras echoes her, and *Hamlet*, ſuppoſing it was the King who had concealed himſelf there, kills him.

After a ſevere Lecture to his Mother, he charges her not to diſcover that his Madneſs is feigned, declares that he ſuſpects ſome Treaſon in the Embaſſy he is ſent on to *England*,

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land, yet reſolves to go, and madly takes Leave of the King and her for that Purpoſe.

Ophelia, at the News of her Father's being murdered by *Hamlet*, grows diſtracted; her Brother, *Laertes*, fired by Rage and Grief, raiſes a Mutiny to revenge his Father. The King declares that he is innocent of his Father's Death, informs him of the Manner of it, and joins with him in conſpiring the Murder of *Hamlet*.

Hamlet, ſuſpecting the Letters his two Schoolfellows carried to *England* contained ſome dangerous Inſtructions concerning himſelf, ſteals them, and upon examining them finds therein an earneſt Requeſt from his Uncle to the King of *England*, to put him to Death on his Arrival at his Court.

Hamlet ſuppreſſes this Letter, and writes another in the Name of his Uncle to the ſame King, in which he deſires him to put the Bearers of that Letter to Death; this Packet he lays in the Place from whence he had taken the other.

The next Day they are attacked by a Pyrate, they fight, and *Hamlet* boarding it alone, is taken Priſoner, and his two Companions continue their Voyage to *England*.

Hamlet prevails upon the Pirates to land him in *Denmark*; the King hearing of his Return, urges *Laertes*, who breathes nothing but

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Revenge againſt him, to kill him treacherouſly as they are fencing with Foils, to which he will engage him, by pretending to lay a Wager on his ſuperior Skill at that Exerciſe.

Laertes conſents, and adds that he will anoint the Point of his Sword with a ſtrong Poiſon, that if he draws Blood he may be ſure to kill him.

In the mean Time the diſtracted *Ophelia* is accidentally drowned; the King, the Queen, and her Brother attend her Funeral: As ſoon as ſhe is laid in the Earth, *Laertes*, in a Tranſport of Grief, leaps into her Grave. *Hamlet*, underſtanding that it is *Ophelia* whom they had buried, wildly aſſerting his Claim as a Lover to ſuperior Sorrow, leaps into the Grave likewiſe, where *Laertes*, quite overcome with Rage and Grief, furiouſly faſtens on him; they are with Difficulty parted by the King's Command, and ſome time after the King, as if nothing had happened, ſends a Meſſage to *Hamlet*, requeſting him to fence with *Laertes* for a conſiderable Wager; *Hamlet* obeys, they meet in a Hall, the King and Queen being preſent.

The King, to make ſure Work, after drinking *Hamlet*'s Health, poiſons the Wine, and offers the Cup to *Hamlet*; he refuſes it, and the Queen, not knowing that the Wine is poiſoned, drinks, though the King endeavours to prevent her. *Laertes* wounds *Hamlet* with the poiſoned Rapier, in the Scuffle they

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they change Weapons, and *Hamlet* wounds *Laertes*, they both bleed; the Queen is ſeiz-ed with the Agonies of Death, ſhe tells her Son that the Wine is poiſoned, and expires.

Laertes, full of Remorſe for the Treachery he had been guilty of, confeſſes the whole Contrivance, and the Part the King had in it. *Hamlet* ſtabs the King with the poiſoned Sword that had wounded both him and *Laertes*, and upon the King's calling for Help obliges him to drink of the Wine he had poiſoned.

The King dies, and *Hamlet* and *Laertes* exchanging Forgiveneſs with each other, both expire. *Hamlet* with his laſt Breath com-manding his Friend, *Horatio*, who would have killed himſelf, to live and do Juſtice to his Fame, by declaring his Story to the World.

The Tranſlation of the Story of *Amleth* from the *Daniſh* Hiſtory of *Saxo-Grammati-cus*, I was favoured with by a Friend; the Story itſelf is full of ridiculous Fancies, wild and improbable Circumſtances, and as it is con-ducted, has more the Appearance of a Ro-mance than an Hiſtorical Fact.

That *Shakeſpear* founded his *Tragedy of Hamlet* upon it is very plain, but is it uncer-tain whether he ſaw a literal Tranſlation of it, or met with the Incidents dreſt up like a Novel, and perhaps with thoſe Alterations which he has adopted in his Play. All the principal Circumſtances are the ſame in the

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Play as the Hiſtory. In both a Prince murders his Brother, uſurps his Dignity, and marries his Widow: The Son of the murdered Prince reſolves to revenge his Father; for that Purpoſe he feigns himſelf mad, and at laſt accompliſhes his Deſign; ſeveral of the leſſer Circumſtances are alſo as exactly copied, and others have afforded Hints for new ones.

Amleth has a private Interview with his Mother, and kills the Spy who had been appointed to overhear their Converſation. *Hamlet* likewiſe viſits the Queen in her Apartment, and kills *Polonius*, who had concealed himſelf behind the Hangings.

When the Spies are removed the Diſcourſe of the two Princes is much the ſame; they reproach their Mothers with their inceſtuous Marriage, ſharply reprove them for their Crimes declare their Madneſs to be feigned, and enjoin them to Secreſy.

The Embaſſy to *England* is deſigned after the Hiſtory. *Shakeſpear* indeed makes *Hamlet*, after two Days Abſence, be ſet on ſhore again at *Denmark*; and *Amleth* in the Hiſtory arrives in *England*, has his Companions hanged, and marries the King's Daughter before he comes back. But *Shakeſpear*'s Plan required the immediate Return of *Hamlet*; however the Contrivance of changing the Letters are the ſame, and of puniſhing the treacherous Bearers of them. *Shakeſpear* makes

those

those Bearers the Schoolfellows, and profeſt Friends of *Hamlet*; a Circumſtance which heightens their Baſeneſs, and juſtifies the Artifice he uſes to procure their Puniſhment.

The Deſign of entrapping *Amleth* by means of a Girl, has not been wholly neglected by *Shakeſpear*, though he manages this Incident much more decently. *Ophelia*, with whom he is in Love, is ordered to throw herſelf in his way, and the King and his Confident liſten to their Converſation. 'Tis very eaſy to ſee he took the Hint of this Stratagem from the Story, though it is very differently conducted, for *Ophelia* is not a looſe Wanton as in the Hiſtory, but a Woman of Honour, with whom he is in love. The accidental killing of her Father, and her Diſtraction, which was cauſed by it, is all his own Invention, and would have made a very affecting Epiſode if the Lady had been more modeſt in her Frenzy, and the Lover more uniformly afflicted for her Death; for at his firſt hearing it he expreſſes only a ſlight Emotion; preſently he jumps into her Grave, fiercely demands to be buried with her, fights with her Brother for profeſſing to love her, then grows calm, and never thinks of her any more.

The Ghoſt is wholly the Invention of *Shakeſpear*, as is likewiſe the King's concerted Scheme with *Laertes*, to kill *Hamlet* treacherouſly as they fenced, or if he failed to poiſon the Wine. The King is killed by *Hamlet* both in the Hiſtory and the Play, but

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in the Play he is ſtabb'd in the midſt of his Friends, Guards, and Attendants; in the Hiſtory as he is riſing in Confuſion from his Bed, and unable to draw his Sword to defend himſelf.

Here the Hiſtorian, romantic as his Relation ſeems, has the Advantage of the Poet in Probability. After *Amleth* has ſecured his Uncle's Attendants, taken away his Sword from him, and placed his own, which was faſtened to the Scabbard, in its ſtead; it was not difficult for him to kill him diſarmed, and without any Aſſiſtance.

But *Shakeſpear* makes *Hamlet* execute his Vengeance on the King in a public Hall, crouded with his Attendants and Guards, and ſurrounded by his Friends; none of theſe offer to aſſiſt him, and *Hamlet* has leiſure enough after he has ſtabbed him to make him drink ſome of the Wine he had poiſoned, leſt his Sword had not compleated the Work.

The Queen's Death, by drinking ignorantly of the poiſoned Wine is a beautiful Stroke of the Poet's. The Hiſtory ſhews her unfortunate, but *Shakeſpear* makes the ſame Man who ſeduced her to Wickedneſs be her involuntary Murderer, and at once the Cauſe and Puniſher of her Guilt.

Shakeſpear has with Reaſon been cenſured for the Cataſtrophe of this Tragedy. The brave, the injured *Hamlet* falls with the Murderers

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derers he puniſhes; one Fate overwhelms alike the innocent and the guilty. In the Hiſtory we find he did not live long after the ſevere Revenge he took for his Father's Murder, but was unfortunately killed in Battle. *Shakeſpear* would not ſo far deviate from the Hiſtory as to leave him happy and in Peace, though he has haſtened his Death as well as changed the Manner of it. He is killed by the treacherous Contrivance of the King, and *Laertes* is the Inſtrument of that Treachery, which is afterwards turned upon himſelf.

As *Laertes* is a ſubordinate Character in the Play, it ſeems to be a Fault in *Shakeſpear* to ſhew him with a Similitude of Manners, under the ſame Circumſtances, and acting upon the ſame Principles as *Hamlet*, his Hero. *Laertes* is brave and generous; his Father is murdered baſely as he is informed; Duty and Honour incite him to revenge his Death, and he does ſo.

This Sameneſs of Character, and Parity of Circumſtances with the Hero, leſſens his Importance, and almoſt divides our Attention and Concern between them; an Effect which *Shakeſpear* certainly did not intend to produce, nor can it be leſſened by the Conſideration of the treacherous Meaſures *Laertes* was prevailed upon to enter into againſt *Hamlet*, who had murdered his Father. In this he does not differ much from *Hamlet*, who did not attempt by open Force to revenge his Father's Mur-

der

der on his Uncle, but designed to accomplish it by Subtilty and Craft.

The same Equality is preserved in their Deaths, and in their Actions throughout the Play. *Laertes* wounds *Hamlet* with the poisoned Weapon, in the Scuffle they change Rapiers, and *Hamlet* wounds *Laertes*, and they exchange Forgiveness with each other before they die.

Thus has *Shakespear*, undesignedly, no doubt given us two Heroes instead of one in this Play; the only Difference between them is that one of them is a Prince, the other a Nobleman, and but for this slight Distinction the Play might have been as well called the *Tragedy of Laertes* as *Hamlet*.

It ought to be observed that *Shakespear* has not been led into this Error by the History; the Character of *Laertes*, and all the Circumstances relating to him is his own, which he has introduced by making the Spy, who is killed, Father of *Laertes*.

The Madness of *Hamlet* seems to be less essential to the Play than the History; in the latter it affords him the Means of executing a Contrivance, which, absurd as it is, secures the Accomplishment of his Revenge; but in the Play it is of no other Use than to enliven the Dialogue, unless its Usefulness may be deduced from its bringing on such Accidents as it was assumed to prevent; for *Hamlet*'s Madness

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ness alarms the King's Suspicion, and that produces the treacherous Embassy to *England*, which failing, the Contrivance of the poisoned Rapier followed, and that does the Business.

But since the King's conscious Guilt and Terror might reasonably have created a Distrust of *Hamlet*, and that Distrust, and a Desire of Security induced him to seek his Death, what need had *Shakespear* to make his Heroe's Sense and Discretion appear doubtful, by shewing him feigning a Madness, destructive to his Safety, and which he himself knows to be so, and yet persists in.

Shakespear has indeed followed the History in making *Hamlet* feign himself mad; but that Madness being of no Consequence to the principal Design of the Play, as it is in the History, or if of Consequence it hurts the Reputation of his Hero, 'tis certainly a Fault; for at least he only produces the same Events by a Blunder, which might have happened without it.

The Violation of poetical Justice is not the only Fault that arises from the Death of *Hamlet*; the revenging his Father's Murder is the sole End of all his Designs, and the great Business of the Play, and the noble and fixed Resolution of *Hamlet* to accomplish it, makes up the most shining Part of his Character; yet this great End is delayed till after *Hamlet* is

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is mortally wounded: He ſtabs the King immediately upon the Information of his Treachery to himſelf! thus his Revenge becomes intereſted, and he ſeems to puniſh his Uncle rather for his own Death, than the Murder of the King, his Father.

F I N I S.

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